

THE AUBURN CIRCLE

Auburn's General Interest Magazine

Fall 2002 Vol.29 No.1

**Special
Feature**

Auburn remembers 9-11

New section:

Design

including

IND Projects

Rural Studio Spring '02

inside

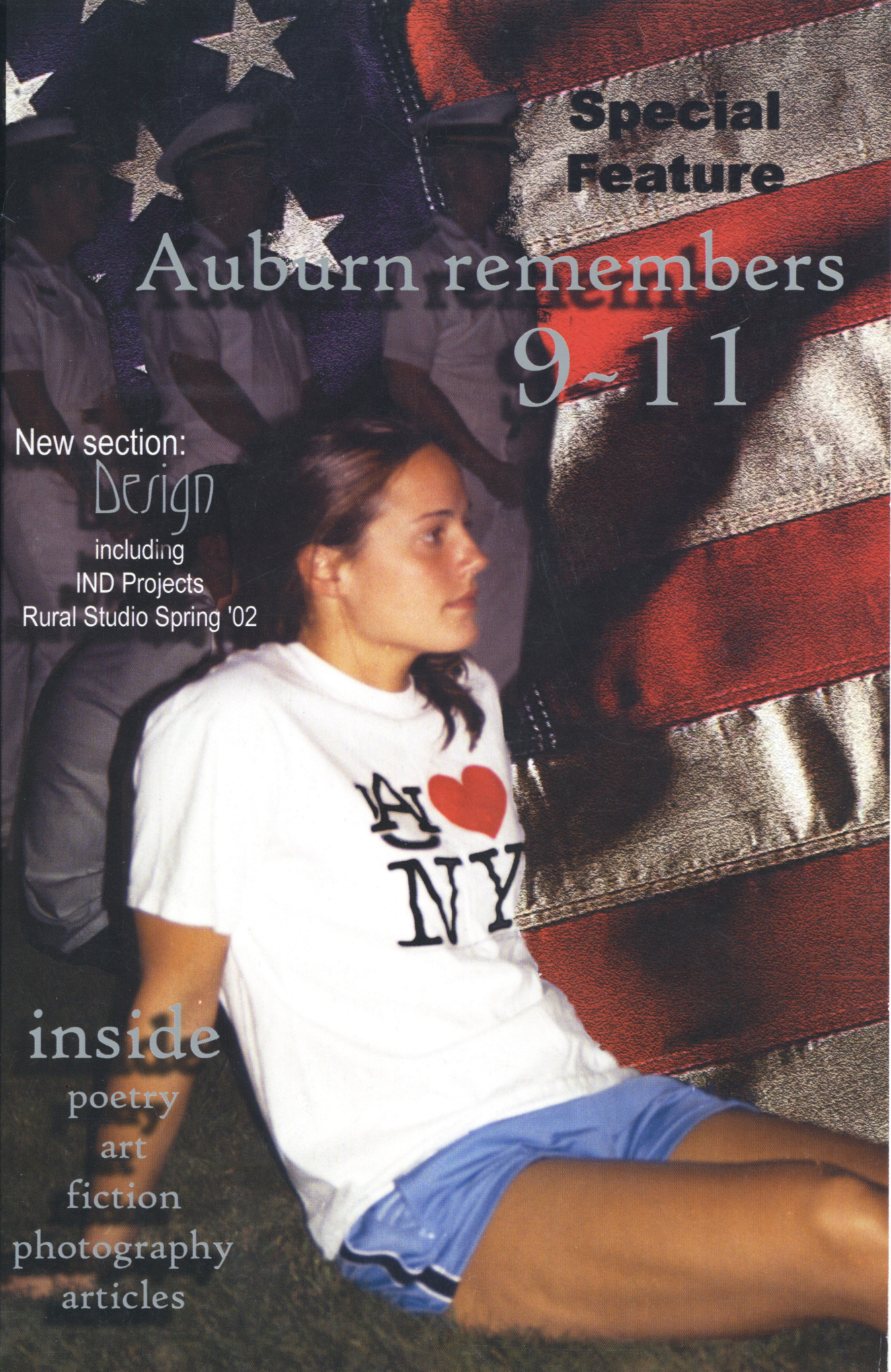
poetry

art

fiction

photography

articles



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*In memory of
Samuel "Sambo" Mockbee*

Founder of Rural Studio
Auburn University School of Architecture
1944-2001

"Love your neighbor as yourself."

This is the most important thing because nothing else matters. In doing so, an architect will act on a foundation of decency which can be built upon. Go above and beyond the call of a 'smoothly functioning conscience'; help those who aren't likely to help you in return, and do so even if nobody is watching!"

— Sambo Mockbee

quote from www.arch.auburn.edu/ruralstudio



Photo courtesy of Rural Studio

*In memory of
Dr. Joseph Gluhman*

Professor of Art, Auburn University
1934-2002

"Freedom is disorienting. Reconciling open-mindedness with discrimination can be difficult. But art is about freedom and realization, pleasure and imagination, communication and technical mastery. Photography can embrace all of these qualities."

— Joseph Gluhman

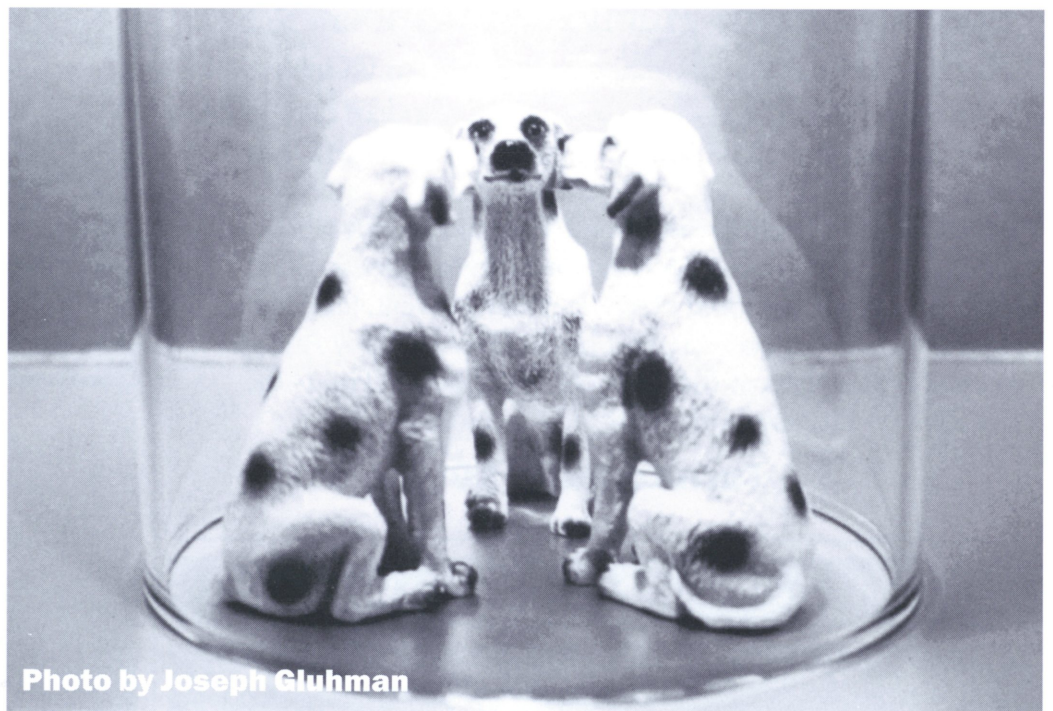
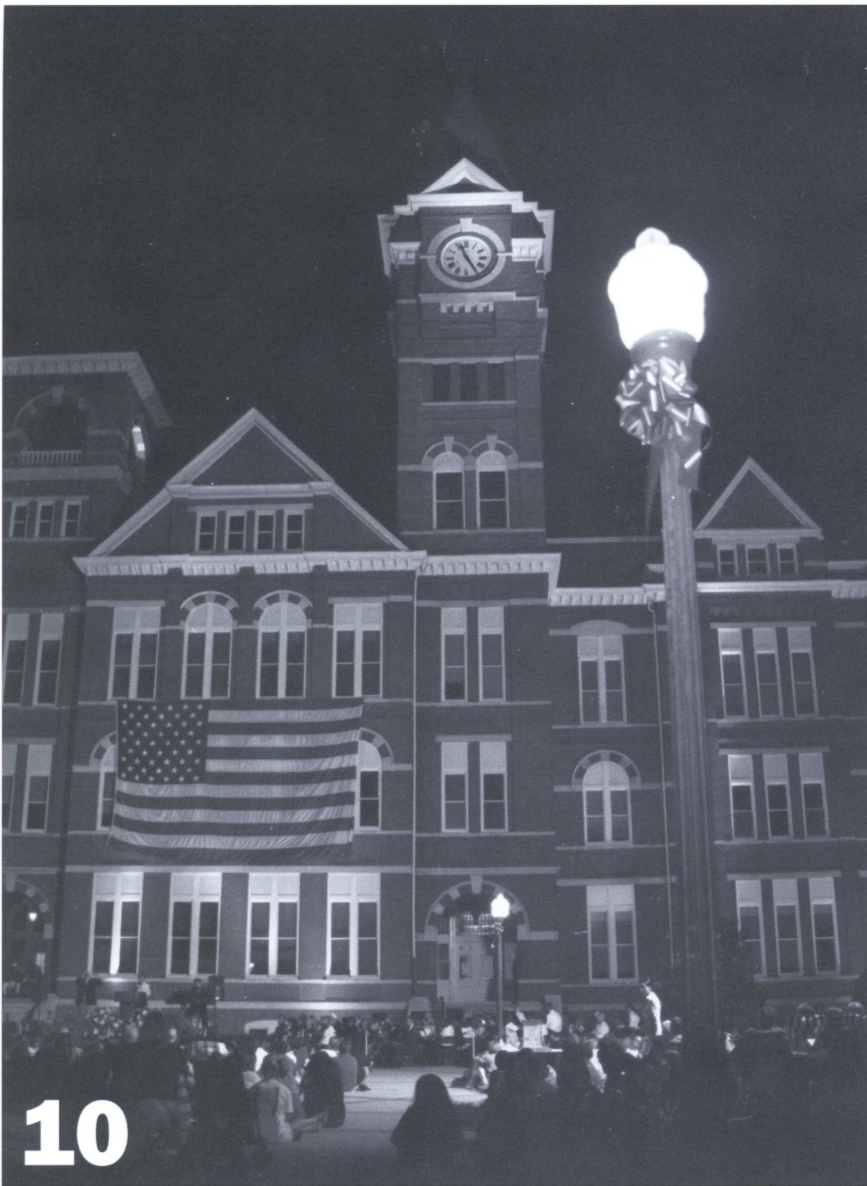


Photo by Joseph Gluhman



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"Today Auburn would remember 9/11 with patriotic ribbons on street lamps and flag pendants on citizens' breasts. But could Auburn's memorial events step beyond remembering to overcome the one problem that has isolated so many Auburn men and women from the reality of the attacks? This is the problem of distance, both physical and emotional."

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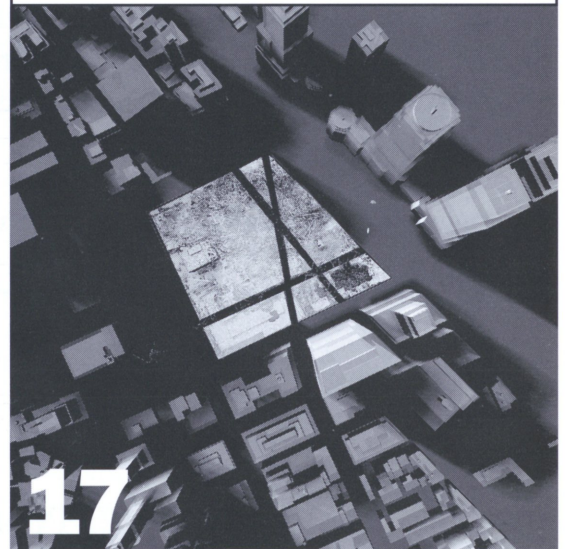
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Back Cover Photo "easy everything" by Beth Lundell

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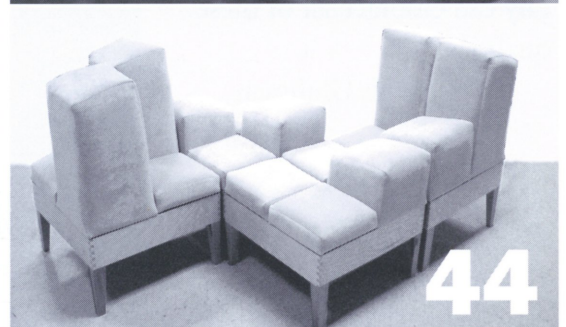
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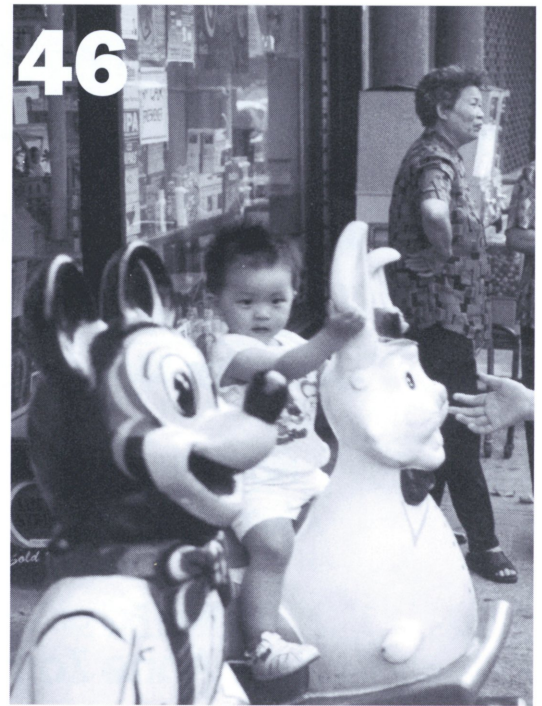


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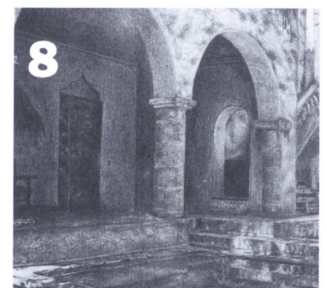
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What is *The Auburn Circle*?

Auburn's General Interest Magazine

The Auburn Circle serves as a forum for the writers, artists, and designers of the university community. Its goal is to reach a diverse audience by providing a variety of fiction, nonfiction, poetry, art, photography, and design.

The *Circle* is published twice a year and is financed by advertising and student activity fees. It is part of the Division of Student Affairs.

Submissions

Submissions featured in *The Auburn Circle* are accepted from alumni, faculty, staff, and students of Auburn University. Submissions include fiction, nonfiction, poetry, art, photography, and design. Editors review all submissions to select articles and artwork of appropriate size and content for printing. Reasonable care is taken to present the article or artwork in the form it was intended. Editors proof all submissions for accuracy before they are printed. Photos and artwork are chosen and placed with an article based on theme and design style at the discretion of the editors.

Auburn University is not responsible for determining the original authorship or ownership of any submission. Persons presenting submissions for publication must sign a form stating that the work submitted is their original work. Auburn University, its Board of Trustees, faculty, and staff are not responsible for any liability, including but not limited to, authorship, ownership, misprinting, etc., of any submission published in *The Auburn Circle*.

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The Auburn Circle is published by
Auburn University Printing & Design
Shug Jordan Parkway
Auburn, AL



Photo by Shannon Bailey

Auburn Gear

Sean Millican

I think that I missed something at my transfer orientation. I did the campus tour. I received the free T-shirt. I finally was able to register, but I must have been somewhere else when my orientation leader handed out the old 80's style, gray New Balance tennis shoes and the Croakies strap for your sunglasses. I think I was looking for a bathroom in the Haley Center when they did that part.

So here I am, my first couple weeks as an Auburn student, and I feel ill-prepared—not because the bookstore is out of every book that I need, or because I still have no idea where to park, but because I'm missing what I'll call my "Auburn Gear." It makes perfect sense. Comfortable shoes for all of the walking we have to do and a big rubber band to keep our sunglasses from jumping off our heads as we take in the sights on the way to class. How did something so practical become cool? Let's step back in time for a moment. New Balance shoes were for people with feet problems, right? They were comfortable shoes for middle-aged men with funky feet. Young people who had to wear them didn't want to. Sunglasses straps were also for middle-aged men—the used car salesman type. Now most of the Auburn male student body wears both.

It's funny how trends occur. I'm not sure how it all happens, but it's not my place to question why. My goal is to simply keep up. Call me unoriginal; just don't call me uncool. First thing tomorrow, I'll be at the Freshman Experience Office to claim my packet of Auburn Gear. As far as I'm concerned, the gray shoes and sunglasses straps are as much a part of Auburn University culture as "War Eagle" and Toomer's Corner. I don't want to miss out on anything. Now if someone can just explain to me the appeal of Widespread Panic and John Mayer...



Photo by Adam White



Washers
Photo by Stefanie Self



barragan
by Beth Lundell
pencil on arches paper

I Am More

Ciara Green

Mocha: is the color of my skin, likened to the fertile soil of the Nile

Yellow: are the hidden specks in my eyes that reflect an unseen light

Pink: is the light hue given to my lips that illustrates my radiant smile

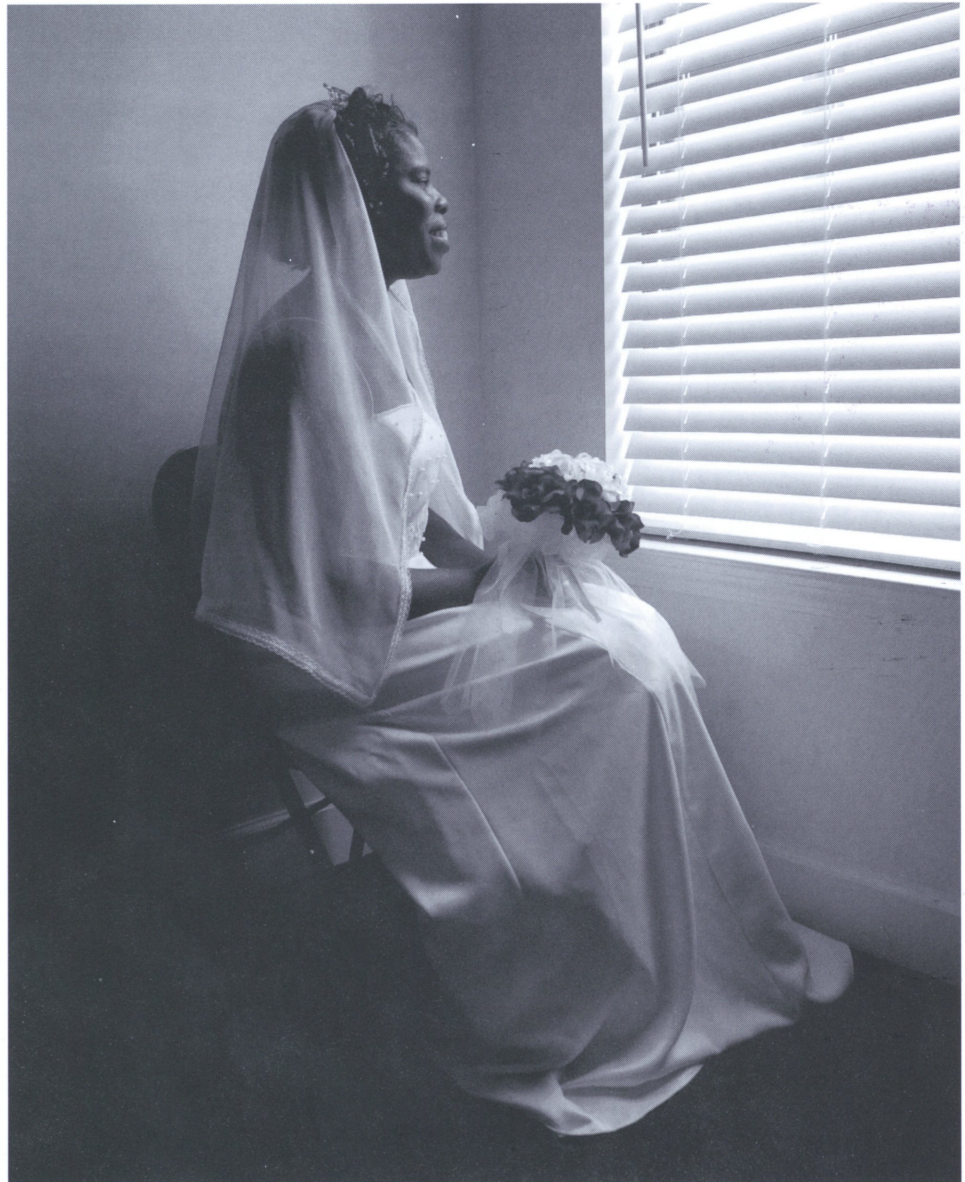
Red: is the color of my blood, same as yours, that sheds when my body gets in a fight

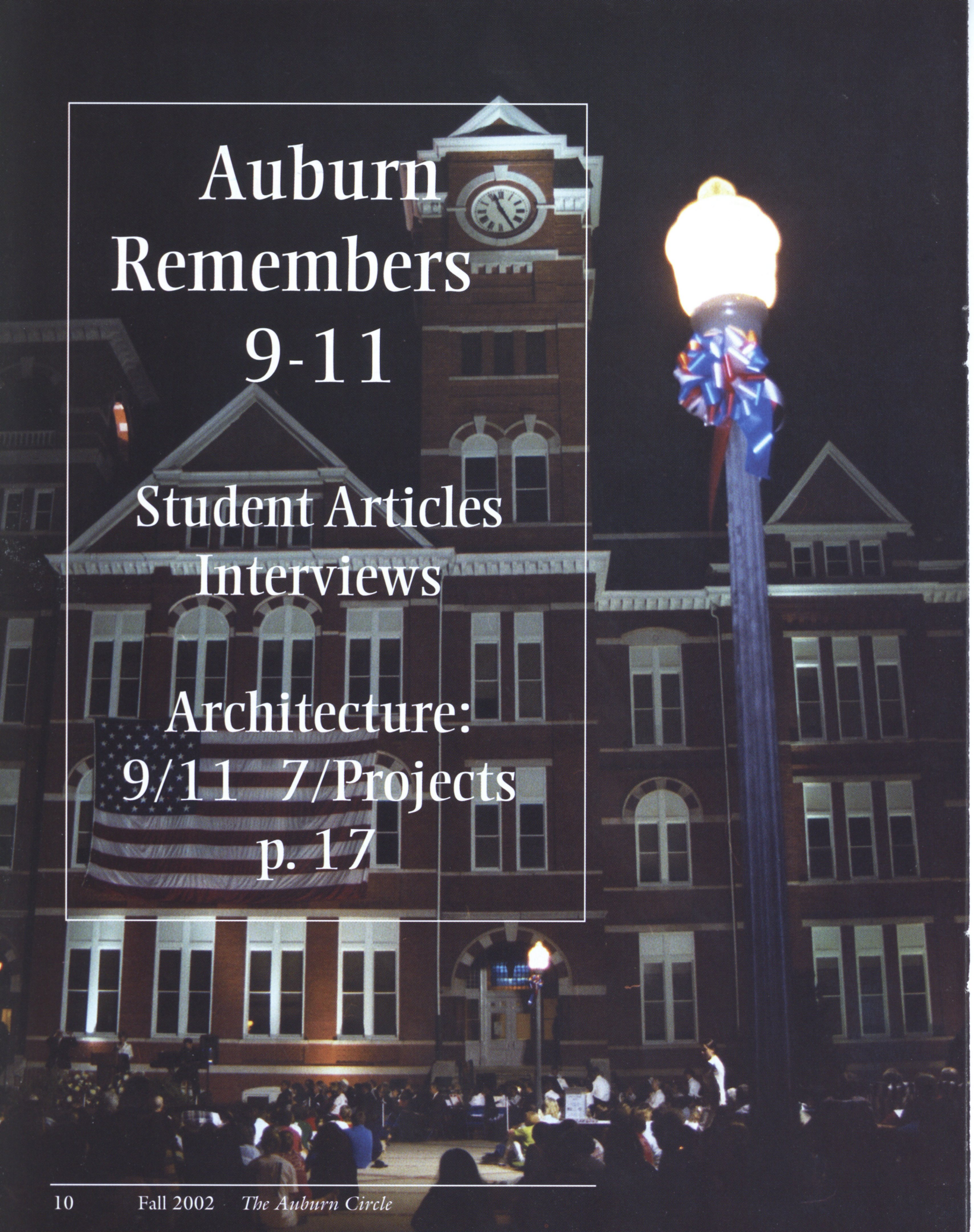
White: is the color intermixed with the flesh of my hands that come rightly paired

But, BLACK is the only color you see
When you look at me

Brown: is the color that tints my naturally nappy hair I Am More...

Wedding Portrait
Photo by Frank Dillard





Auburn Remembers

9-11

Student Articles
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Architecture:
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Hitting Home

Amy Greene
Senior Staff Writer

Red are the images of that haunting day: amber explosions and fiery ash, currents of crimson blood, red-dened eyes and heated hearts.

White is the morning of its anniversary: so silent and bright it can only be described in its simple brilliance as “white.”

Blue are the skies of September 11, 2002—almost too blue for the anniversary of such a dreaded day in our history. I should demand from the heavens a raging, thundering rain or even a slow, sorrowful drizzle, for the unobstructed blue is indifferent and improper to me.

Auburn woke with me on this day to the red feelings, the white silence, and the awkward blue skies—an ironic and tragic representation of our nation’s colors. Today Auburn would remember 9/11 with patriotic ribbons on street lamps and flag pendants on citizens’ breasts. But could Auburn’s memorial events step beyond remembering to overcome the one problem that has isolated so many Auburn men and women from the reality of the attacks? This is the problem of distance, both physical and emotional, and I have struggled with it for a year.

I am not the only Auburn student or civilian who responded to last year’s attacks with disbelief and wonder. The trauma on television seemed to me surreal, like a scene from an action movie or perhaps from some other volatile country, but I refused to admit such chaos could invade the United States, the international dignity, our Promised Land.

I could not empathize with the blistered feelings of the victims. I could not envision the mass destruction. I had never visited New York, had never even seen a building as tall as the Towers, and I had no loved ones or connections to the City to help me feel its people’s pain. It was ostracizing in a way: there my country suffered, and I couldn’t make myself feel it with them.

What I needed most, then, from Auburn’s 9/11 memorial events was an experience beyond patriotic support. I wanted to invoke my sympathy, to *feel* and to *understand* for the first time the piercing actuality of last September’s attacks. I wanted to suffer, not react. I wanted it to all finally “hit home.”

Much of Auburn gathered with me on this memorial morning at 7:30 AM on the green of Samford Lawn. Less

Photo by Melissa Bridges





the attacks stuck out sorely like evidence in a crime scene. Here were photographs of anguish and national terror mingled in the decorative comforts of a home. They seemed to invade the home much in the way the terrorists invaded our peaceful, domestic happiness one year ago this day.

The photographs sat on easels and furniture like strange, unwelcome visitors, but Auburn and myself needed the experience of that company. We needed to welcome the pain into our comfortable lives and our stable homes in order to gain that coveted understanding. In the photograph "A Heartbreaking Salute," deceased NYFD Chaplain Rev. Mychal Judge is saluted by fire fighter Tony Jones. Jones's face is scarred with streaming tears and a molded, furrowed brow as he painfully holds the sincere gesture. That afternoon I was able to pull up the chair next to Jones and look into his face, and as I said my condolences I thought in some miraculous way he might be able to hear.

Leaving Greystone Mansion, I had already begun to feel the connection to 9/11 I had so obviously missed over the past year. The terrorist attacks no longer seemed so far away. I realized how close to home they were in heart, if not in actual distance. My friends and peers stood earlier that

Photos by Adam White

than two hours before the first Trade Center was hit last September, we students and citizens watched our community's ROTC men and women in perfected rows preparing to raise the flag of our country.

Dignity and security reigned, hushing the crowd. The ROTC men and women assured us protection throughout the threatening days and years to come, and they signified the close connection Auburn has with the historical events of 9/11: America had specifically called the people of Auburn to duty in response to these events. I witnessed the military's sincerity of dedication to the United States; their protection of the American people was paternal, but they were also loyal children standing to defend the mother country. And I stood with them and felt with them, genuinely, and for the first time.

That afternoon at 2:00 P.M., I climbed the steps to Greystone Mansion on West Magnolia where the City of Auburn arranged "Landscapes of Sorrow," a photographic remembrance of 9/11's terrorist attacks on New York City and Washington. Throughout the pristine, oaken halls of the historical home, I wandered from room to room. On lush, blue velvet Victorian couches, next to lamps of rose-colored crystal, and about flowered vases, large pictures of

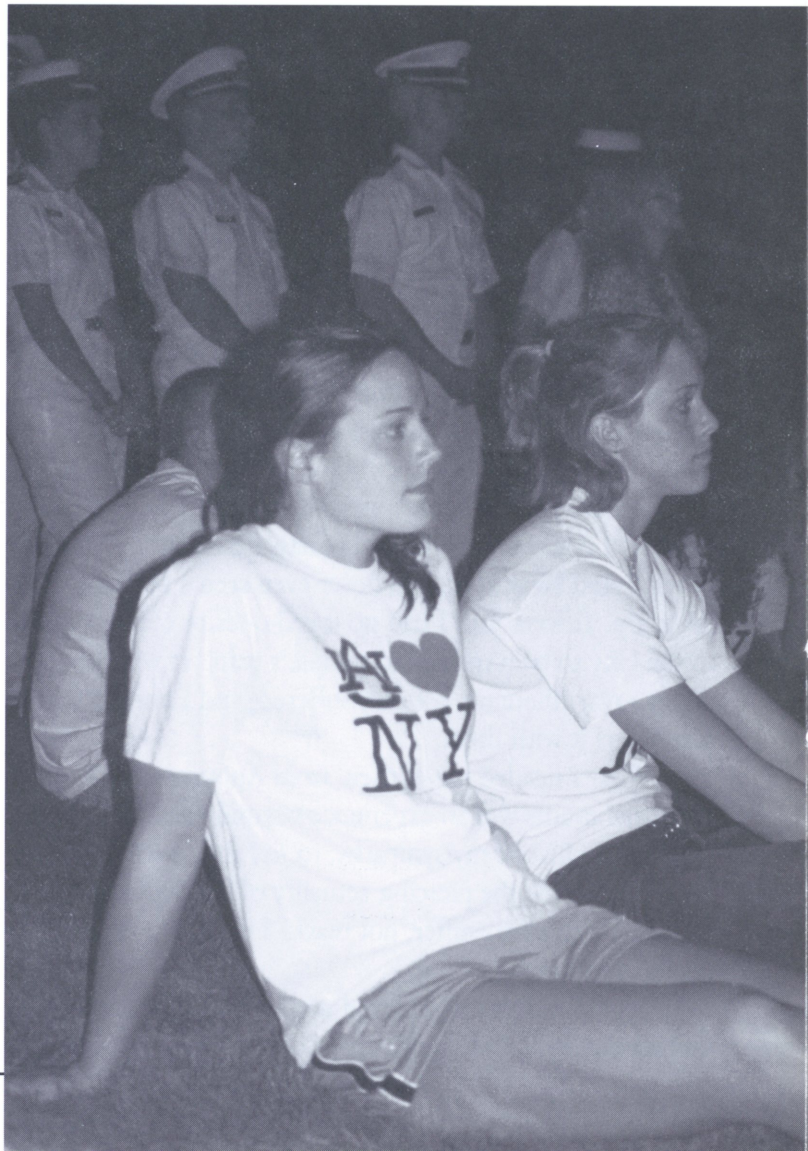




Photo by Adam White

morning facing the flag and facing the possibility of being called to action in their respective military branches. My community and I shared our home this afternoon with the lifelike portraits of 9/11, where we came to sympathize with these frozen victims about their loss, fear, and recovery. It was beginning to hit home.

Walking again to Samford Lawn that evening, I felt I was returning to a small patch of Ground Zero, the place where women and men of Auburn, like New Yorkers, could go to repose and remember. As I walked there, I thought myself no longer just a woman of Auburn, but an American, and I prepared to experience the evening memorial events in that mindset.

The people of Auburn are so much a part of the events of 9/11, and this could not be more evident than in the sacrifice of Johnny Michael Spann, a 1992 graduate of Auburn University and Marine Corps defender of the United States. Spann became the first acknowledged casualty of the war in Afghanistan instigated by the September 11th attacks. His memory, honored by sister Tonya Spann and father Johnny Spann at Auburn's evening memorial service, was inspiring and intimate. Michael Spann's example reminded Auburn students how alike they are to him and to all loyal Americans.

Michael first committed himself to replacing the "wrongs" of the world with the "rights" when he studied Criminal Justice and Law Enforcement at Auburn. He went on to foster this commitment to justice and morality amidst international boundaries. He was a hero from a hometown, just as we all will one day be, and so from Michael Spann's example we learned that Auburn men and women are the future prosperity of America. That, in itself, is enough to unite our sympathies and our support in times of tragedy.

Auburn's day of memorial events ended for me with a strangely proud sense of belonging to this tragedy, of understanding its actuality, and of one day being able to contribute to its recovery. As the future of America, we students face prospective careers and duties. By succeeding in them, by constantly pursuing the "right," we are vehicles by which the American Dream will prevail even in the threat of terrorism.

Before leaving the lawn that night, I studied Samford Hall—its red brick and white wood amidst blue skies—and I thought of this patriotic display, "This is enough to make it all 'hit home.'"

"We Ain't Dead"

Andrea Rowell

Senior Staff Writer

Little more than a year ago, our country became the *United States* of America. From the moment we heard news of the airplanes being hijacked, to the moment the last living victim was pulled out of the rubble where the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center once stood, those of us who call ourselves Americans were doing the same things: we were living in shock and in fear.

In New York City there was mass hysteria. They were hit the hardest. Many people made it out before the towers collapsed. Some who should have been in the World Trade Center when the airplanes hit had, by some twist of fate, left the building already. New York resident Jennifer McGillian's uncle was one of these people—he had stepped out for coffee. Her journal entry from this fateful day simply said "we ain't dead." According to her, this entry left out her true feelings:

"It fails to convey how hard my heart was pounding, how quickly I had mentally indexed my friends and their locations, how fast my fingers were moving over the keyboard, sending out e-mails to say, Alive, Alive, Alive. It doesn't take into account the number of times I called my mother to find out the status of relatives (alive), or to give her my status, or for that matter to argue about whether or not I should try and make it home, or if I should stay (completely unnecessarily) in a Red Cross Shelter."

Here in Auburn, still lying safely on the Plains, the reactions were strikingly similar. Student Janice Pierson quickly rushed home from class to inquire about the status of a relative working near the World Trade Center. Like Jennifer, I made a quick mental index of my friends and their locations; my fingers flew over the keyboard sending out e-mails to ask "Are you okay?" I saw several students frantically dialing numbers on their cell phones with fear and panic in their eyes. Overall, though, our Home on the Plains was quiet. Far too quiet for a university of this size.

A year later, memorials took place in many

parts of the country. More tears were shed; lost lives were mourned. Jennifer McGillian did not attend a memorial service in honor of those who died on September 11, 2001. When asked why she would not attend, she answered:

"I was there watching the black smoke billow across the water, I don't think I'm going to forget. I walked through Washington Square Park on Sept. 12 and smelled the smoke and saw the blackened cathedral shape of the fallen towers; I'm not going to forget... I had my memorial every day I lived in NYC. I sat on the same train and crossed the same bridge and turned my head like everyone else, when the skyline came into view, checking for smoke. For tiny licking flames. To see if maybe it had all been a horrible dream and the towers were back."

This reaction came as a bit of a shock to me. I knew that the City of Auburn and the University had planned wonderful events in memory of that day, and I had planned to be there because those things mattered. I swore I would not forget. Then I tried to put myself in her situation. What if one of those planes had destroyed Jordan-Hare Stadium or Samford Hall? Those are our Twin Towers. One represents the sport our university is known for, and the other represents our academics. Most pictures of the Manhattan skyline show the Twin Towers. Most literature about Auburn University shows Samford Hall or the towering stadium. Could Auburn students ever walk by the empty lot where these once stood and not remember why they weren't standing today? Could we ever have a home football game in a new stadium without being reminded of such a terrible tragedy? I don't think I could.

The memorial events planned here and around the country were wonderful. Those who lost their lives deserve the respect and remembrance these events provided. I just don't think it should stop there. Life has gone on, as it tends to do. We need to remember more often. Once a year is not enough. The period of grieving may be over for some, but the ways in which our lives were touched and changed are with us every day. And still, "we ain't dead."

9/11: A Year Later

Hannah Dean
Staff Writer

The night is extremely humid as I walk from the Lower Quad to Samford Lawn. The date is September 11, 2002—one year since a national disaster covered our nation with its clouds of sorrow. By the time I make it to Samford Lawn, it is packed with college students and members of the Auburn community. A gigantic American flag hangs from the front of the building, and it seems as mighty as the building it covers. As I stand outside the crowd looking around, I notice an elderly lady sitting at the end of a crowded bench. She is contentedly listening to the happenings of the memorial. The back of her T-shirt says, “Terrorist attacks can shake the foundation of our biggest buildings, but they cannot touch the foundation of America. These acts shatter steel, but they cannot dent the steel of American resolve—President George Bush Jr.” After reading that phrase, the memories I had blocked out of that day all seemed to rush back into my head.

It seems that even though September 11, 2002 passed without any terrorist action, it will also be a day we will all remember. It was a day when Americans came together to mourn again for the victims and to show our nation that we have not given up hope. While people all around the nation mourned at their ceremonies, one has to wonder if September 11 still has an everyday impact on people, or have we each found our own way to cope with it? Have the deep wounds healed? Or will we forever dwell on the day that our mighty nation was slammed on its knees?

Auburn freshman Kimberly Bryars seems to be coping with the attacks by remembering the way it was before 9/11, at times blocking out the horrific events and reverting back to the sheltered world that shattered around her last September. She believes that we did withstand this cowardly attack and because of it we are now a more united nation. To her, the attacks seemed like the worst possible way to unite a nation, but in effect that is what they accomplished. “To me it was like a wake-up call. It seemed that my problems and other people’s problems were no longer as important. Now our country had a huge issue to deal with, and we all had to come together to get past it.” Her first reaction to the attack was one of anger and sorrow, soon followed by pride for her nation. “America is stronger now more than ever, but I will admit I worry that it might happen again.”

Dr. Alicia Carroll, a resident of New York for 10 years and an English professor here at Auburn, also recalls the events on the morning of September 11. “I was at home watching *The Today Show*, when I saw footage of the first plane crash into the World Trade Center. At first I thought it was an accident, but then out of nowhere the second plane crashed, and I knew it was not an accident.” It was hard to keep her composure the next day in class.

“I was struck by the randomness of some friends’ and family members’ near misses; my brother-in-law missed his train and so was not in the building across the street when the hit occurred. My best friend’s daughter was in first grade ten blocks away from the site. She and her father escaped the area, walking through the debris and the huge dust cloud with other children and parents. It took days, obviously, to find out that our friends and family were accounted for. We were lucky.”

The irony of the situation is that just three weeks before the attacks Carroll’s family had taken a trip to New York. On her desk sits a picture of her young daughter smiling on top of the Empire State building. Carroll muses, “It used to be magical to be on top of those skyscrapers, but now that experience will always include the memory of the attack.”



Alexandra Kulick
Photo contributed by Alicia Carroll

Dr. Gerry Gryski, an Auburn Political Science professor, lived in New York for more than 23 years. I interviewed Gryski in his office and noticed it was filled with New York memorabilia: pictures of the New York skyline and the Yankees on the walls, a Yankees hat on the bookcase. He begins by saying that when the World Trade Center was being built, most people from New York envied it because it was taller than the Empire State building. However, he said that when those towers came crashing to the ground, "something inside of us [New Yorkers] died." Gryski himself had personal connections with the World Trade Center; he recalls a friend of his who had switched shifts and wasn't in the Towers that morning. He also knew many of the fire fighters and policemen in the New York area. "We all grew up together, we played baseball together," he said. Understandably, it was hard to teach his three Political Economy classes the next day. He knew the students would be upset and looking to him for answers. They wanted to know why it happened, how to respond to it, and most importantly, how to cope with one of the biggest events in our history. He said that the overall response from the students was one of anger and confusion. "For most of these kids it was the biggest event in their lives, and I just tried to suggest ways in which they might respond." He suggested that they should learn about it, do something positive, donate blood, or contribute to relief efforts. In closing, Dr. Gryski's advice to the younger generation on dealing with the attacks was to "go about your lives and contribute to the gross domestic product." But for Gryski, now that the dust has settled on New York City and

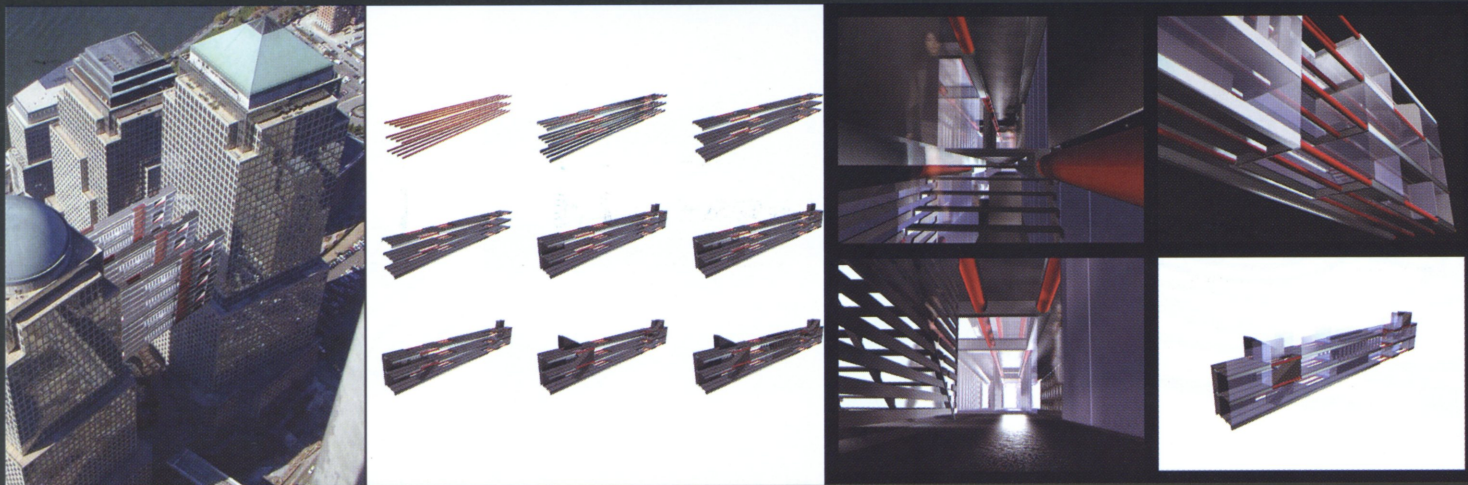
the skyline has emerged, the tragedy seems surreal.

Each one of these people offers a different way of coping with the events of September 11 a year later. You can retreat back into your "safe little world." You can be comforted by any memories you have of New York and any family you have there. Or you can take the advice from Dr. Gryski and keep the economy progressing, so that it appears that our nation is as stable as ever and has not been defeated.

One lesson I have learned since the September 11 attack is to be more aware of what is going on in the world. The world does not revolve around Auburn University. Each day men and women that represent our country are making decisions that affect my security as an American, so I feel it is my duty to know about it. I also don't let the attacks keep me from living my life. I moved away from my "safety net" at home to go to college; I want to go to New York, I plan on going overseas, and I am not hiding my money in a jar buried in the yard.

Americans have never really liked change, but I think that September 11 was our wake-up call. It was time for us to realize we were not the mighty, picturesque, insurmountable nation; we could be attacked. It taught us to be aware that there are people out there who did not like our nation and who even hate us. Despite the tragedy, then, September 11 had a positive effect: It united our nation. It is my hope that our unity will not be torn apart by our petty differences. The victims and heroes of September 11 have not perished in vain.





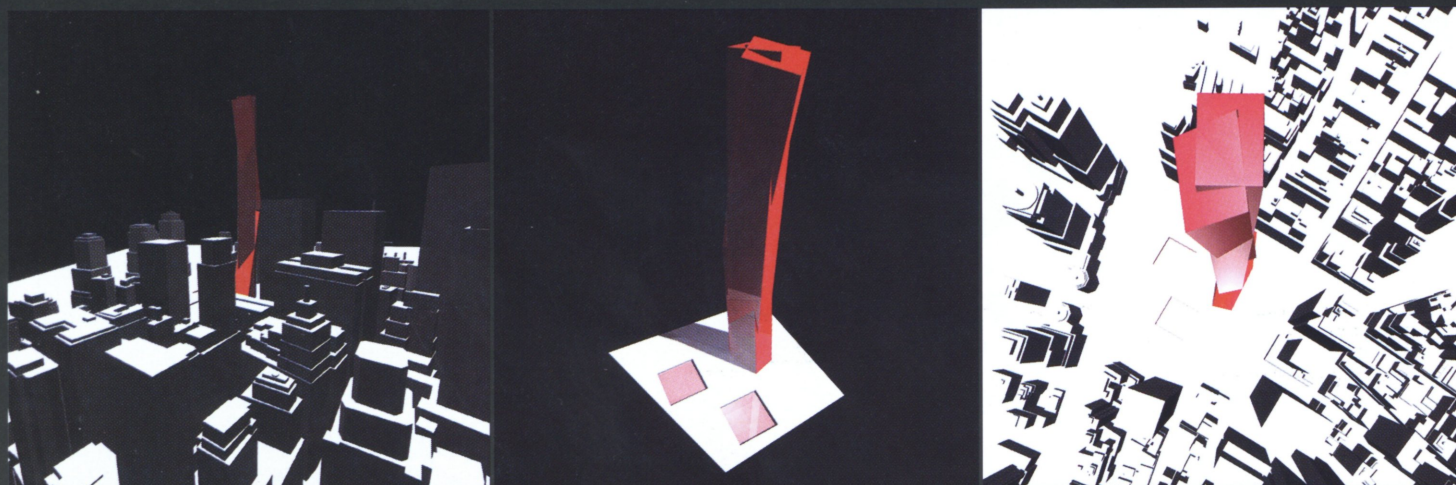
Kris Johnson

SEPT 11 / 7 PROJECTS

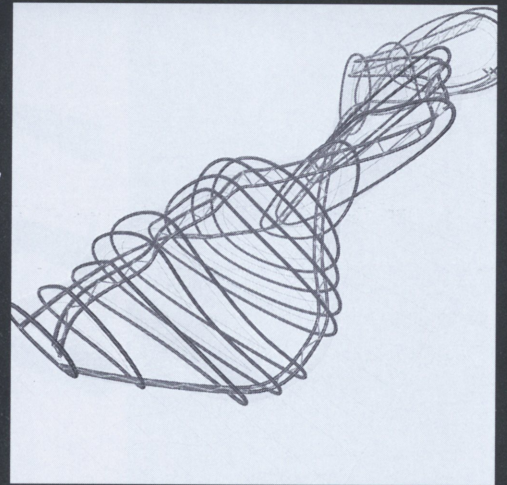
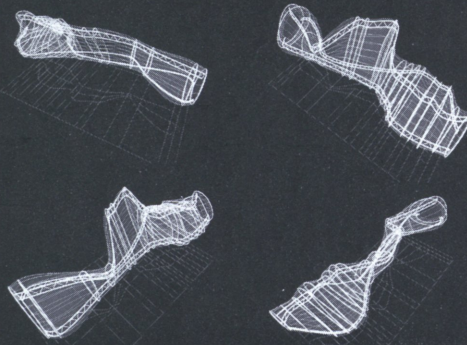
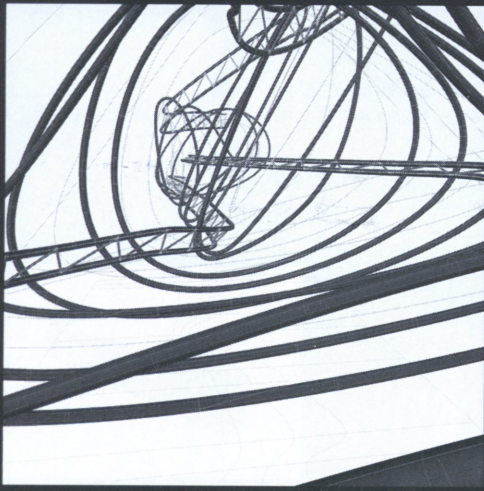
An exhibition of faculty and student work from the School of Architecture for September 11, 2001.



Abigail Hart Gray

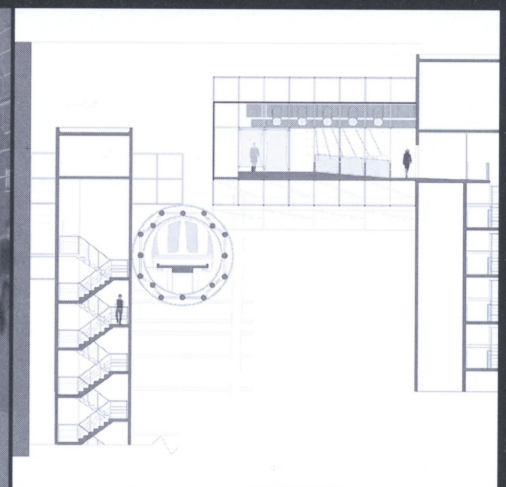
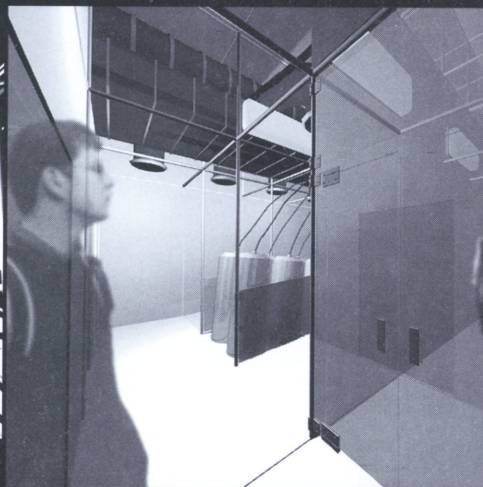
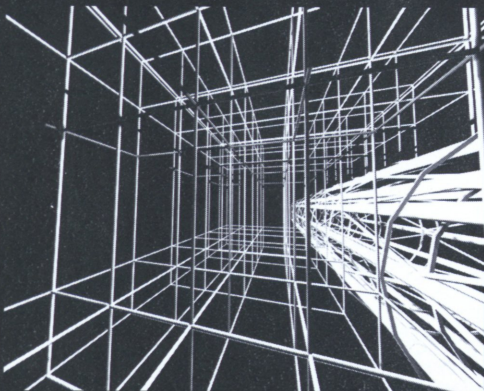


David Burns

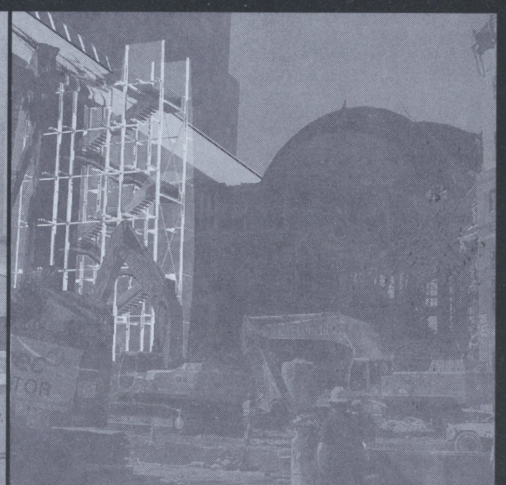
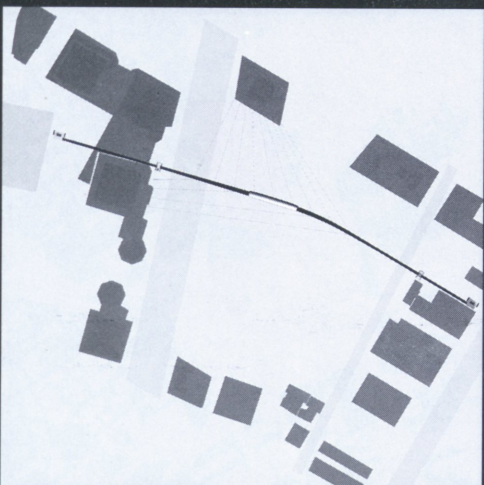


Jennifer Thorington / Scott Carter / Brannen Park

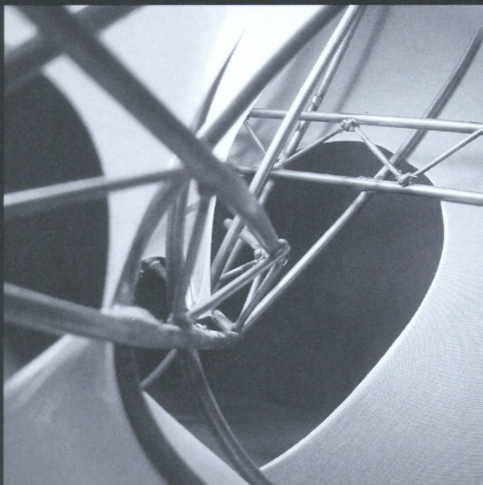
On September 11th, a ripple in the perception of time occurred. What was once a reluctant icon of New York City became the figurative center of its existence. The time between the completion of the World Trade Center in 1973 and the first tragic collision in 2001 compressed into one entity. That day expanded in history. These projects fit into the expansion of time in the moments, days and years after September 11. _Abigail Hart Gray + David Burns



Clark Todd Gollotte

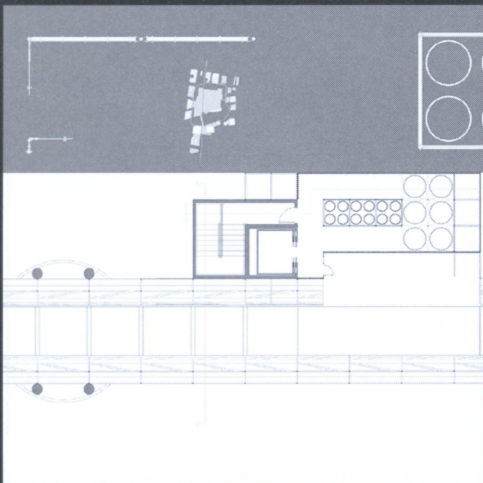


Matt Christopher



Thorington / Carter / Park

The student work was completed in a studio conducted by David Burns in the spring semester of 2002. After a visit to New York City and Ground Zero, the students were asked to imagine a five-year temporary structure or structures for Lower Manhattan.



Gollotte



Christopher

The project was not to disturb the actual site of World Trade Center, but to exist in its periphery.

The results were strikingly disparate:

a bridge spanning the entire site,
an abstract sculpture of morphic, interlocking steel,

a building comprised of a kit-of-parts spanning two existing buildings adjacent to the WTC site,

a new transit system connecting the upper floors of nearby skyscrapers,

and finally, a nine story addition to the temporary viewing platform.

Faculty members Abigail Hart Gray and David Burns, recently relocated New Yorkers, also contributed designs to the exhibition.

Professor Gray suggests a delicate glass enclosure of the World Trade Center void as a visual marker to enable the fundamental process of grieving.

Professor Burns contributed a proposition for the reconstruction of a large scale mixed-used building whose form reflects the complexity of the ongoing debates about the future of the site.

Credits / Specs_

Faculty_
David Burns
Abigail Hart Gray

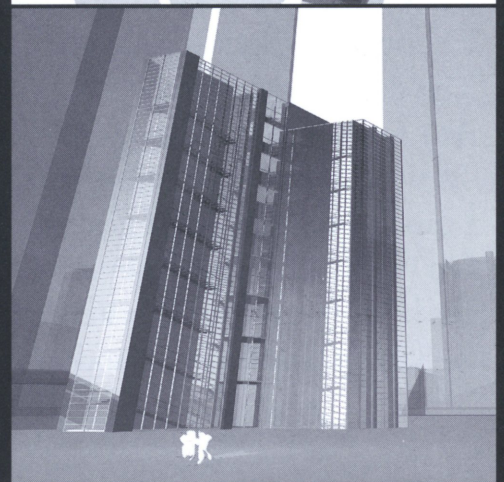
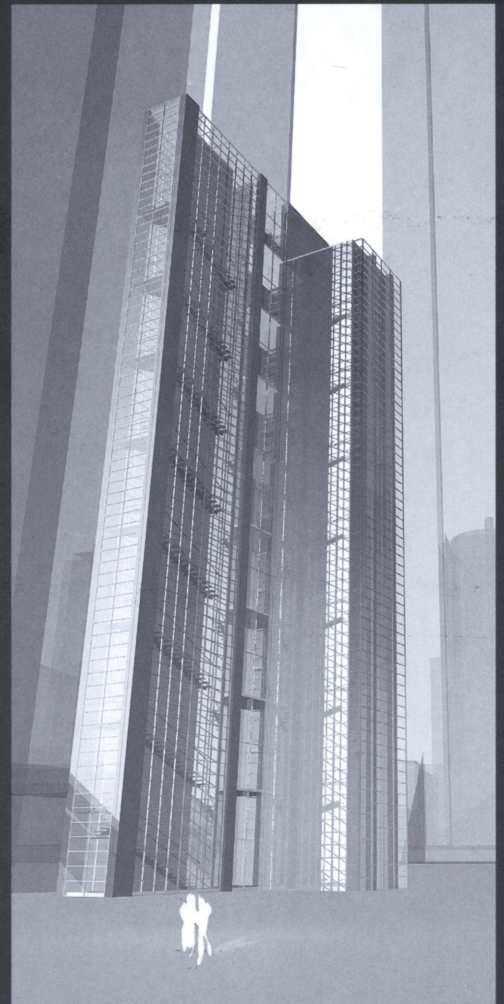
Students_
Chuck Berry
Scott Carter
Matt Christopher
Clark Todd Gollotte
Kris Johnson
Brannen Park
Jennifer Thorington

Exhibition_
Auburn University
School of Architecture
Dudley Hall
First Floor Gallery

11 Sept 02 - 11 Oct 02

Design_
David Burns

Digital_
<http://www.arch.auburn.edu/sept11>

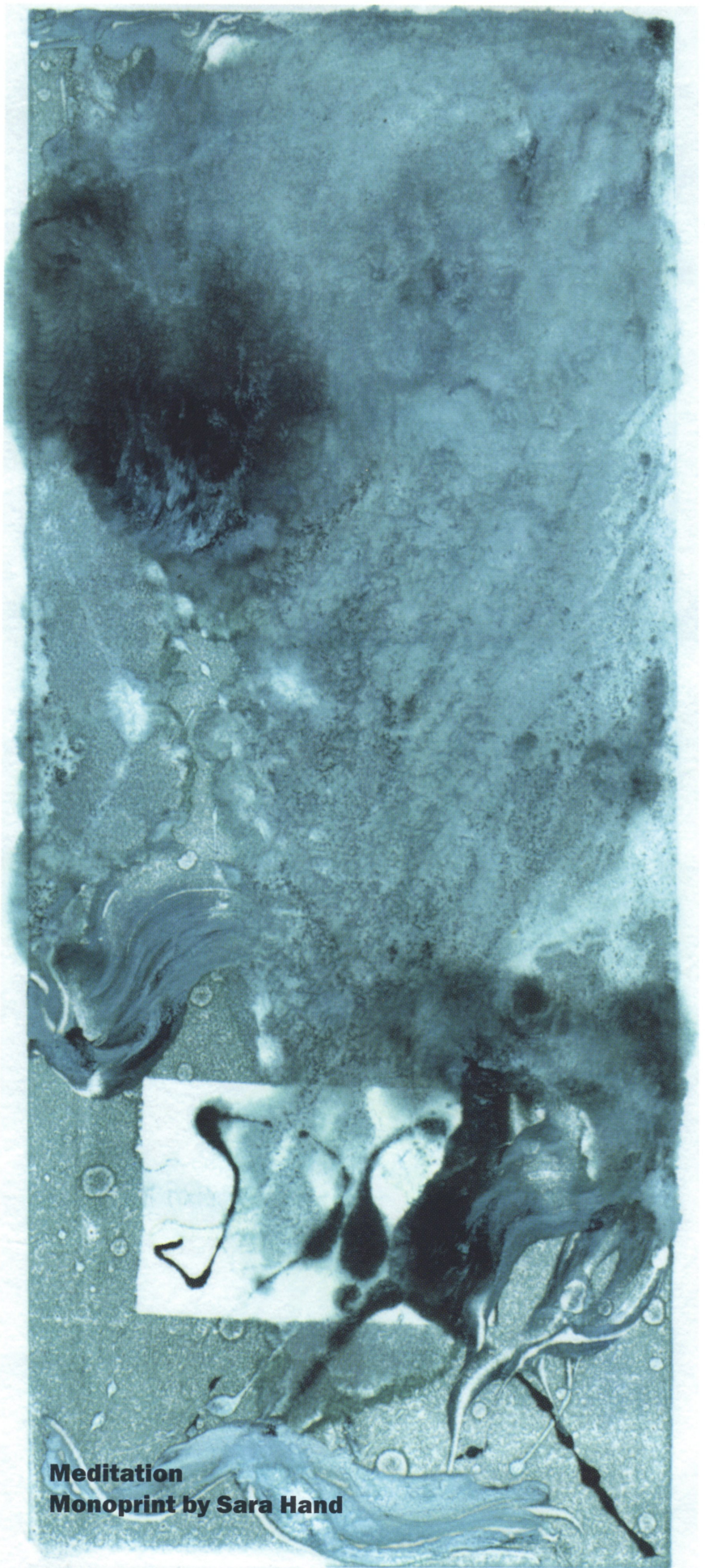


Chuck Berry

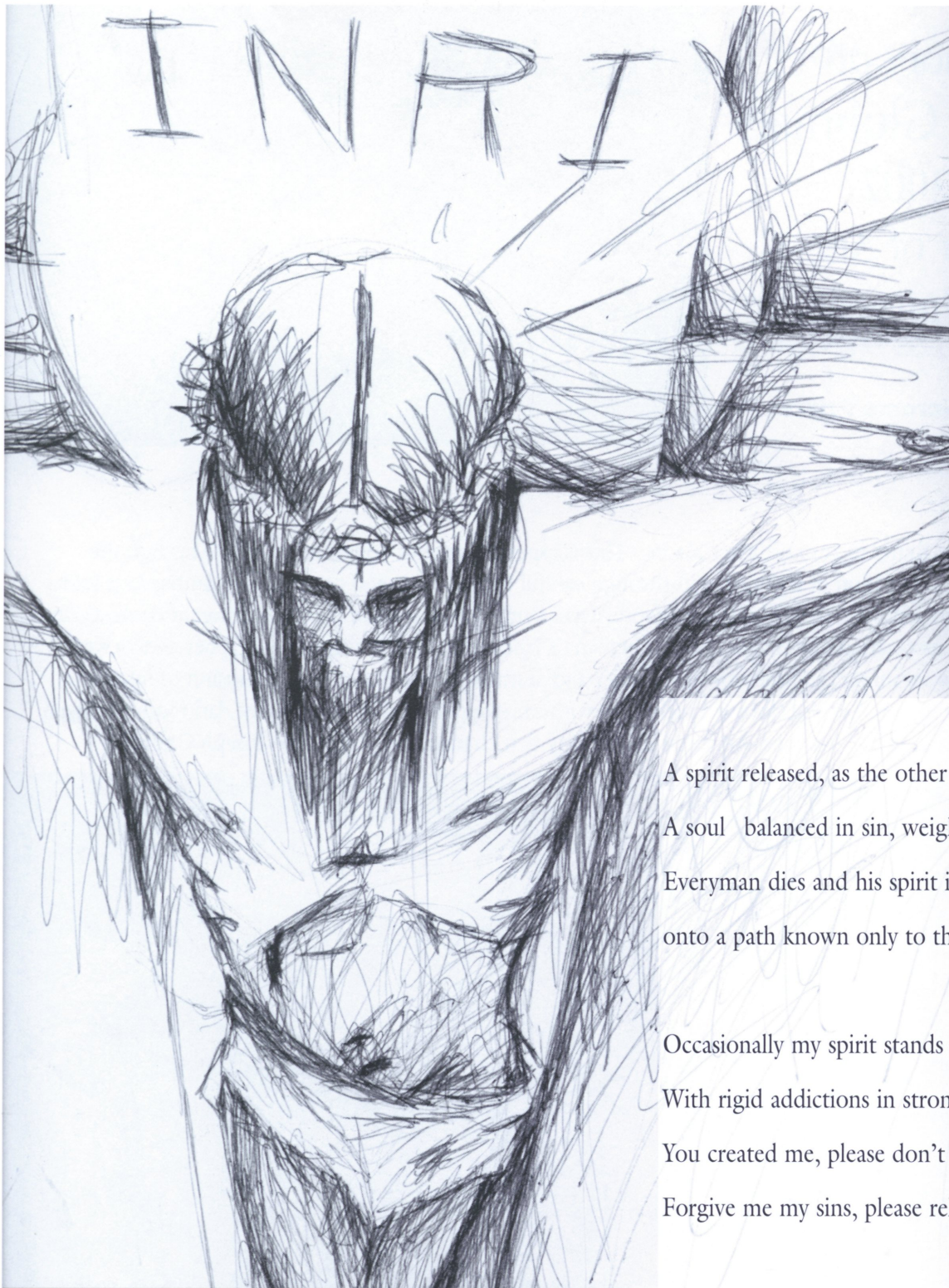
6" Shadow

David Norwood

At night my mind is wide
As is the swirling, spinning dust
Come the day it runs to hide
Surfacing only when it must
I've been standing here for hours
Just to watch the daylight crack
So I can see and smell the nighttime
Go from blue to black and back.
I beheld a fair-haired beauty
As I would a painting for my soul
Breathing hard as if my duty
Glancing hard as is my role
Then the lovely mouth swung open
And of ignorance showed no lack
So all the room could feel my mood
Run from blue to black and back.
I sunk hard into the corners
To watch the simple play unfold
To scorn the phony mourners
Reaching out for hands to hold
Then shouting loud I sprang up
Like I'd been stuck through with a tack
I ran and felt the bruises on my heart
Turn from blue to black and back.
Though the night is dead and gone
The day is waiting to begin
As I sit here singing songs
To wash away the where and when
I can feel the sun's first rays
On my windowpane they stack
It's been hours since I watch the darkness
Roll from blue to black and back.



Meditation
Monoprint by Sara Hand



**Reflection,
Confession,
Direction**
Miles Davis

A spirit released, as the other side beckons
A soul balanced in sin, weighed, and reckoned.
Everyman dies and his spirit is passed,
onto a path known only to the living surpassed.

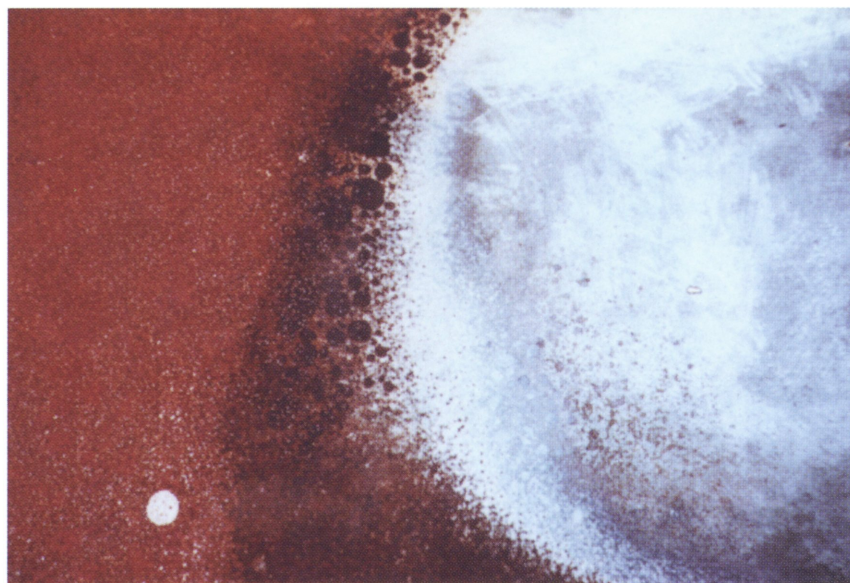
Occasionally my spirit stands in blind defiance,
With rigid addictions in strong alliance.
You created me, please don't leave me.
Forgive me my sins, please relieve me.

I pray you pour your grace on me, Father.
For You made me, why did You bother?
Show me Your plan as my soiled soul is washed white,
But leave the scars to remind me of my plight.

Sacrifice
Drawing by Miles Davis

In memory of
Dr. Joseph Gluhman
1934-2002
Professor of Art
Auburn University

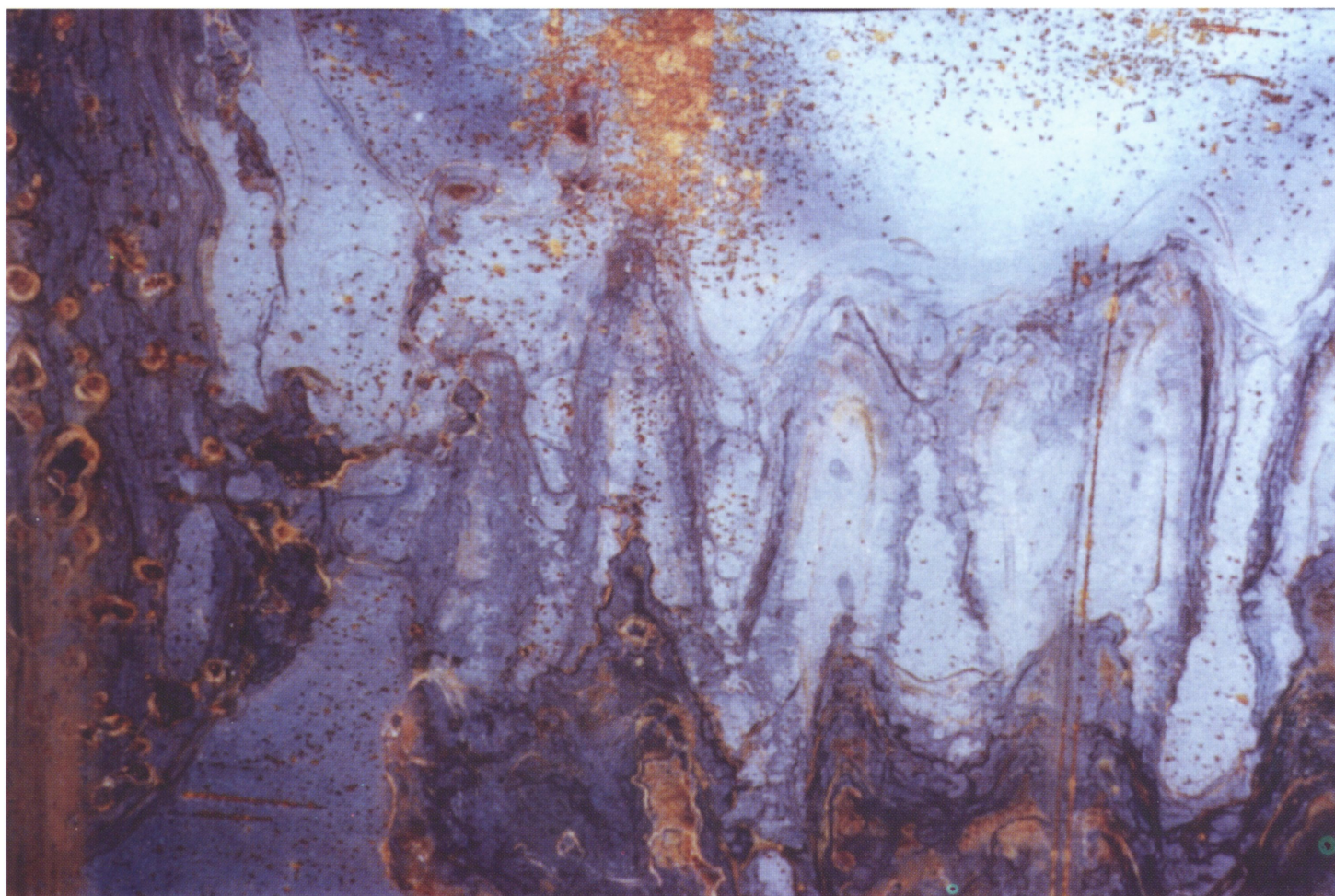
Photography — Ifochrome Prints



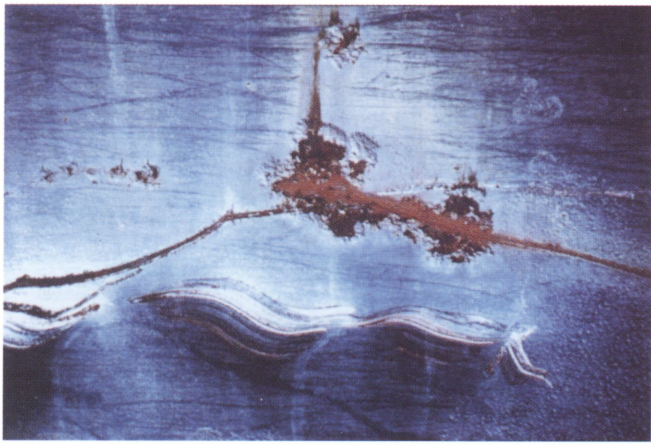
Satellite

Artist's Statement

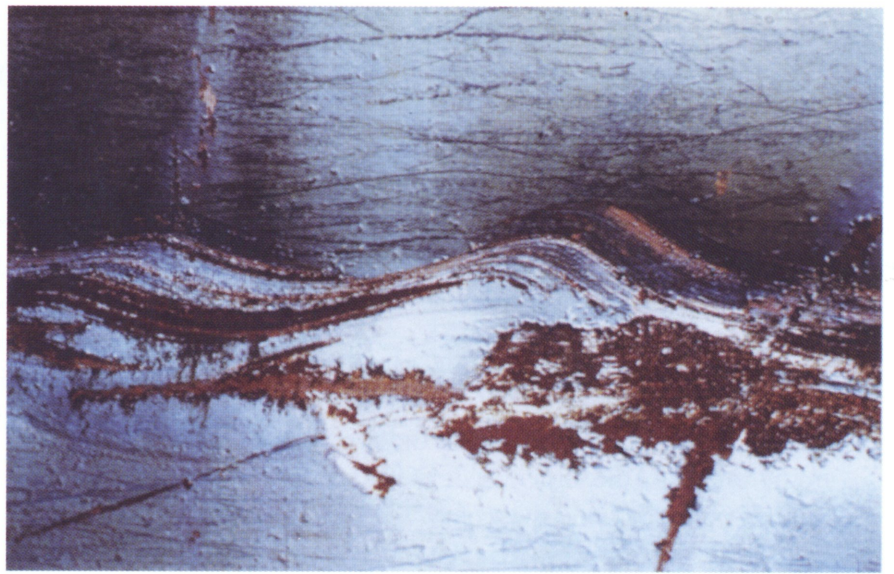
Fascinating details can be found in very ordinary places. This is especially true in Southern locales. Through the recognition, selection, and isolation of a subject and through careful composition and presentation, ambiguous forms and interesting colors can serve as a means of artistic expression. Painted marks made in totally different contexts can be transformed through association and imagination to become a landscape. In this way photographer and viewer collaborate to create new meanings, and thereby bring order and aesthetic pleasure from the confusion of mundane experience. Moreover, the use of straightforward technique without cropping and without either darkroom or digital manipulation can endow an image with the directness and vitality that characterize real art. — Joseph Gluhman



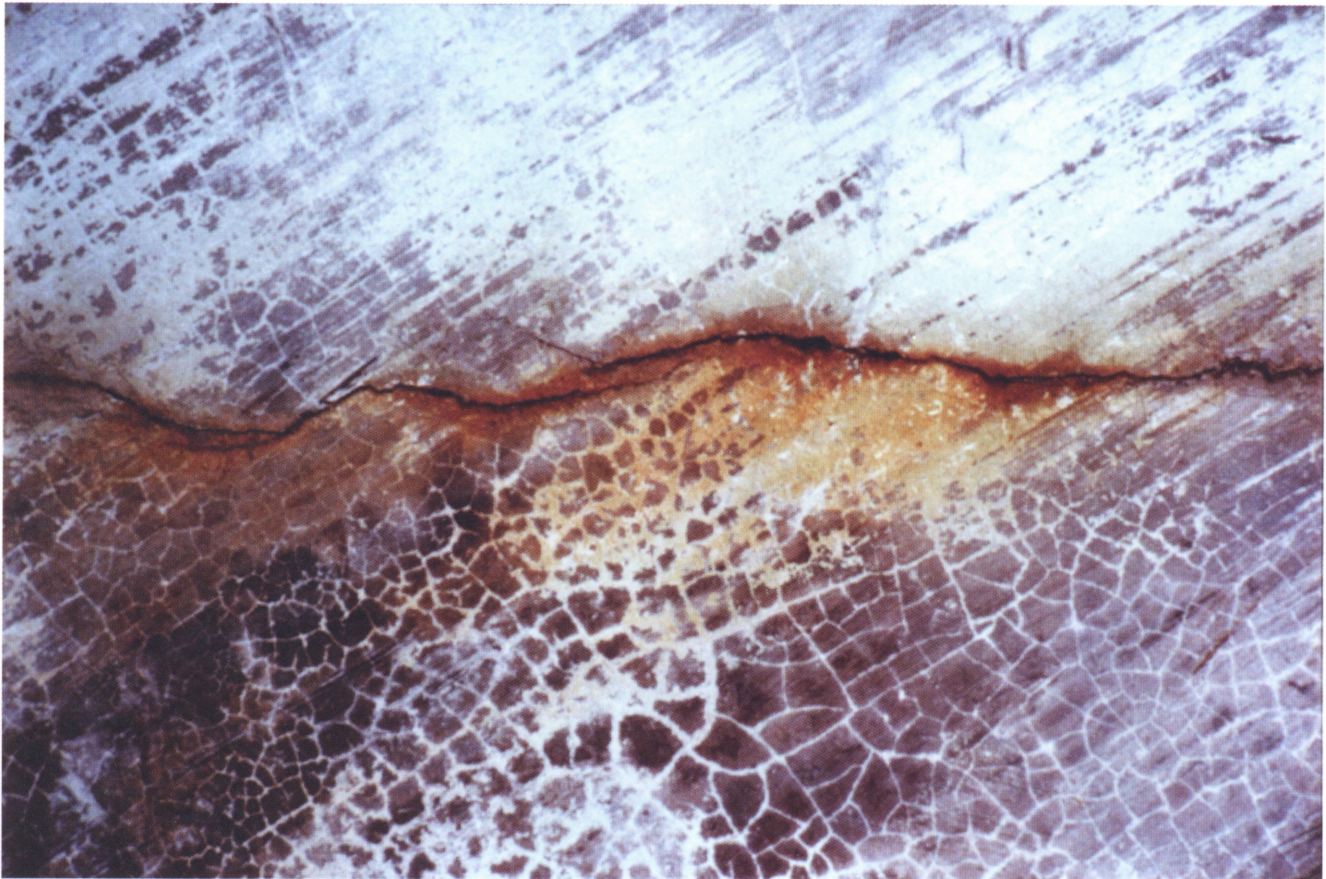
Mountain Landscape



Seafarer



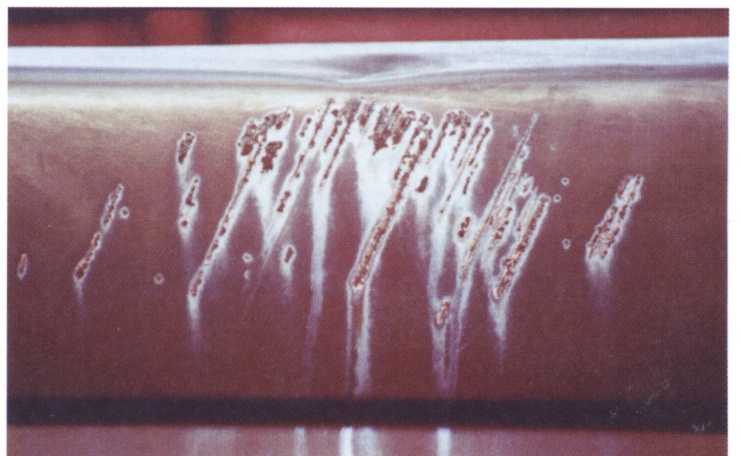
Winter Landscape



Quarry



Rain



Roots

Noonie

Susanna Haines

For some reason or another, the gardenias aren't blooming this year. Noonie once got angry with me because when I was a child, I plucked every one of the sweet white flowers from the arms of the bush outside of her window. I wanted to make perfume. After she scolded me, Noonie felt so bad that she let me help her make a cake. My version of helping at that age consisted of sticking my greedy little fingers into the cake batter and licking the bowl clean once the batter was poured. Maybe Noonie will think I have picked the gardenia bush bare once again, and the same cycle of scolding and making up will occur. I just wish the damn things would have bloomed so that she could have something beautiful to look at while she dies.

Everyone in my family calls her Noonie. My mother tells me it is because I couldn't say "Nana" as a baby, so I called the person attached to that gently crinkled old face "Noonie." Personally, I don't think "Noonie" sounds anything like "Nana," so I must have been a pretty dumb kid. Noonie likes the name, though, since it makes her think of me. That's what she says, anyway, because that is the kind of person she is.

We have to bring her home today, my mother and I. They can't do anything else for her at the hospital, so the doctors told us to "make her comfortable." I am not sure how anyone whose body is being eaten by cancer can be made comfortable, but everyone seems to think that bringing her home will do just that. The adjustable bed at the hospital and all the morphine her frail little body can handle sure isn't doing it for her, so maybe her bed at home has some kind of comfortable magic. I have my doubts.

My mother and I cleaned the house as if we were going to have a dinner party for the president and his cabinet. Noonie will laugh at us for that. Her face will scrunch up as her eyes disappear in the sea of wrinkles that have for so long lapped the shore of her face. The laugh will emerge, as if from nowhere, and become the sort of raspy, gasping music that comes from the belly of an out-of-tune accordion. That music has faded now, into a weak whisper, a mere shadow of the laugh that accompanied my childhood. She will tease my mother, croaking, "What did you gussy the place up for?" The laugh will wheeze out again, glad that she can still make a

joke in this state. My mother will smile, too, a tight, worried smile that I see more and more as the days wear on, and Noonie will sigh a long, weary sigh and probably ask us to put her in bed because all of this excitement has made her tired.

She doesn't talk much more than that anymore anyway, really, because it requires such effort. I wish she could tell me her stories again, just once more. That can't happen, though, so I'll sit by her bed and hold her hand and tell them to her. I'll hold her hand and trace the bumpy veins that lie beneath the paper-thin skin, following their paths like they are twisting roads to fantastic places that I have never been. Noonie will smile at me because I will have reminded her of the days when I was a child, asking her to show me the map on her arms and to tell me where the roads lead to. Maybe I don't want to know where the roads lead to anymore, not if they lead to the place where Noonie is now.

Right now, I'm trying to figure out what to do with these hospital supplies. I'm sorry, but there is no way to arrange a bedpan and puke buckets to look homey. I've never known the hospital name for the banana-shaped bowls that patients puke in, so I just call them puke buckets. Noonie has to have lots of them. They are awfully small, and the gallons of green and yellow vomit that come out of my grandmother just don't fit in those tiny containers. There is a tall stainless steel skeleton to negotiate as well. Without the IV bag on it, it looks like some sort of terrible modern Art Deco piece of

I'm sorry, but there is no way to arrange a bedpan and puke buckets to look homey.

crap. With the IV bag on it, it just looks scary, especially when that bag is connected to Noonie via tubes and needles. I decide to put the puke buckets and bedpan sort of under her bed, hidden, and the steel skeleton behind the thick curtain that

covers the window beside her bed. We had to get these crazy thick curtains because Noonie can't stand a whole lot of light anymore. Even light hurts her now. We used to love playing outside, bathing in the sunshine, digging in her garden, catching butterflies and letting them go.

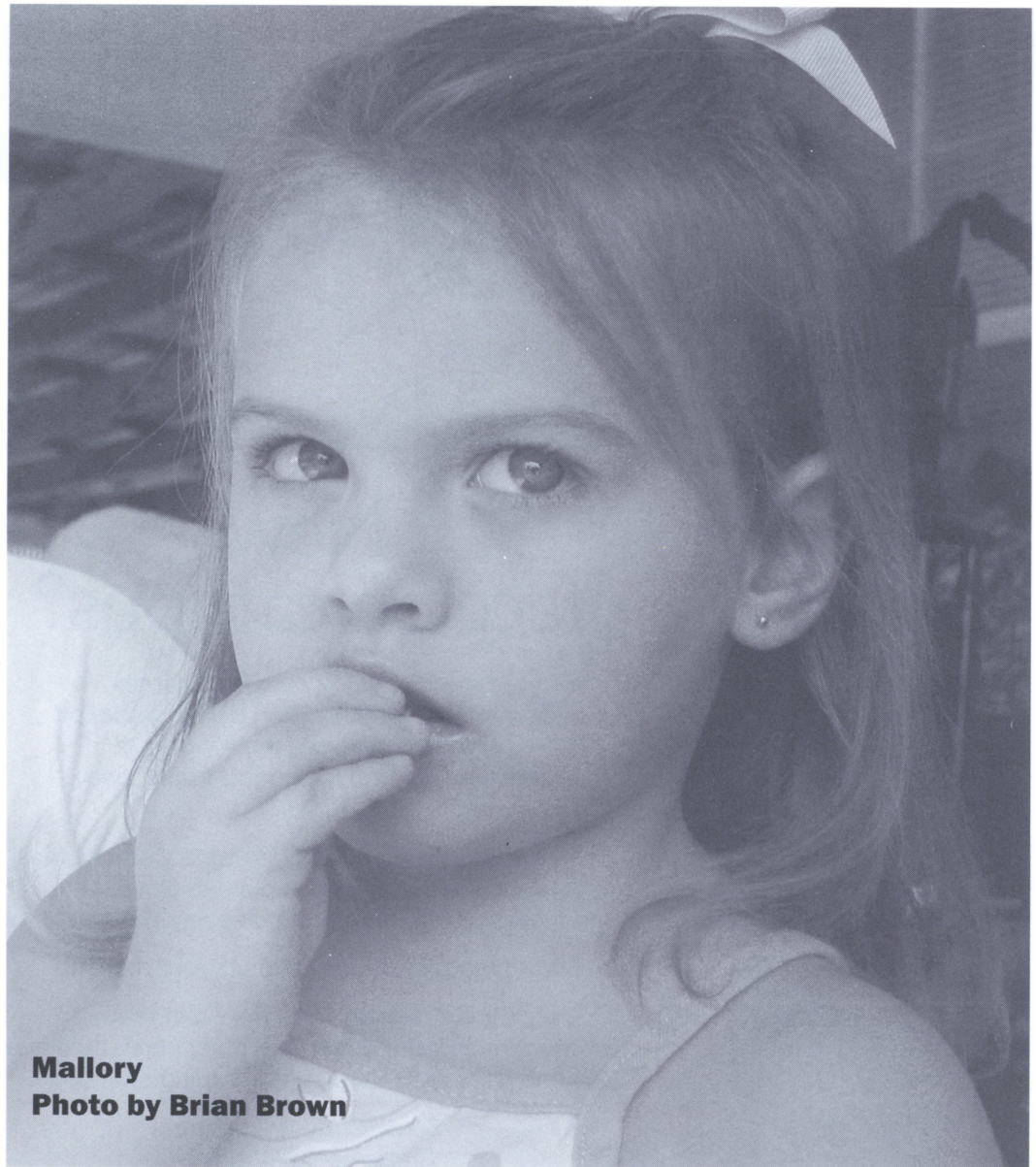
I'm running out of things to do around the house, so I begin to re-wash the dishes in the drying rack beside the sink. Staying busy is my only refuge, because I don't want to deal with what is happening. At least, that is what my mother says. She has been seeing a grief counselor, so she uses all of that woman's psychoanalytical techniques on me. I think my

mom is looking for something to do as much as I am.

I walk into Noonie's room and turn on the television to fill the silence, and I wonder why we put a television in there in the first place. She won't watch it. Some old-timey pirate movie is on. The man in the black mask is telling the guy he is pointing his sword at to prepare to die. I've always thought that was kind of a stupid thing to say. What is that guy supposed to do, make some phone calls and write a last will? Is he going to straighten his room and put on clean underwear? No, preparing to die is what Noonie is doing, and what my mother and I are doing for her. We are putting the clean sheets on her bed and making sure she will be "comfortable." We are putting vases of flowers from her garden around the house. We are trying to ignore death by busying ourselves with the preparations for it. Stupid movie. The TV must be turned off.

The quiet stillness of the house forces me outside so that it can be alone with its thoughts. I sit on the front porch and watch a path of ants scurry back and forth from a dead insect to the anthill. They're really working on that insect, and it occurs to me how strange it all is; even while poor Mr. Insect's family mourns his death, the ant family rejoices at the thought of the feast they will enjoy tonight. I drag my finger across the ant line absentmindedly, and they scatter, confused. One ant clings to my hand, and I let it bite me before flicking it into the yard, savoring the pinch that makes my fingers shudder. Another ant has crawled up my leg and is now investigating that jagged scar that bisects my kneecap. The first time I fell off of my bike, I busted my knee on a rock and had to get twelve stitches. Noonie wrapped my bleeding leg in a towel and drove me to the hospital, the whole time telling me how every scar she had told a different story, while I imagined a mouthed purpley-red scar blabbing about the first time she had fallen down ice skating. The ant is now feasting on my scar, but that tissue is all numb so I can't really feel it. I squash him anyway and get up from the porch steps.

The gardenia bush looks sad as I approach it. Maybe it knows Noonie is dying and that is why it won't bloom. I touch the thick leaves and break one with my fingernail, letting the fragrant green ooze spill out. From somewhere, the scent of the sweet flowers that I once wanted for perfume tickles my nose, and I begin to investigate. There! At the bottom of the bush, tucked away out of the sunlight, a single white blossom peeks through the forest of green. I quickly pick the delicate flower and cup it in my hands, rushing inside to put it in a vase so that I can place it by her bed, all the while thinking of the time that Noonie told me that the wings of angels were made of gardenia petals and the star-shaped centers were the jewelry they wore. That was only for girl angels, though.



Mallory
Photo by Brian Brown



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Perhaps...

Keri Smith

Perhaps I could giggle from way up high,
perched on the edge of a star.

Glancing down at life's happenings
happy to be so far.

Watching the hustles that consume so many,
people scattering all around.

Swinging my legs off the edge,
happy to not touch the ground.

Literally in my own galaxy,
bright stars and breeze fill my days.

Serenity is my blanket,
protecting me from worldly ways.

I would never have to hustle.

Where would I have to go?

It's just me on my star,
watching the life below.

Perhaps a tear would fall from my eye,
just every once in awhile.

Maybe the echoes of voices down there,
would make me stop and smile.

What if the stars aren't what they seem,
and real life is so much more?

What if taking your chances in life,
is really what makes you soar?

Perhaps the stars are overrated,
and the hustle of life is worth a try.

If you ever need to find an escape,
you just look up in the sky.

True, the stars would be wonderful.

But maybe for just a day.

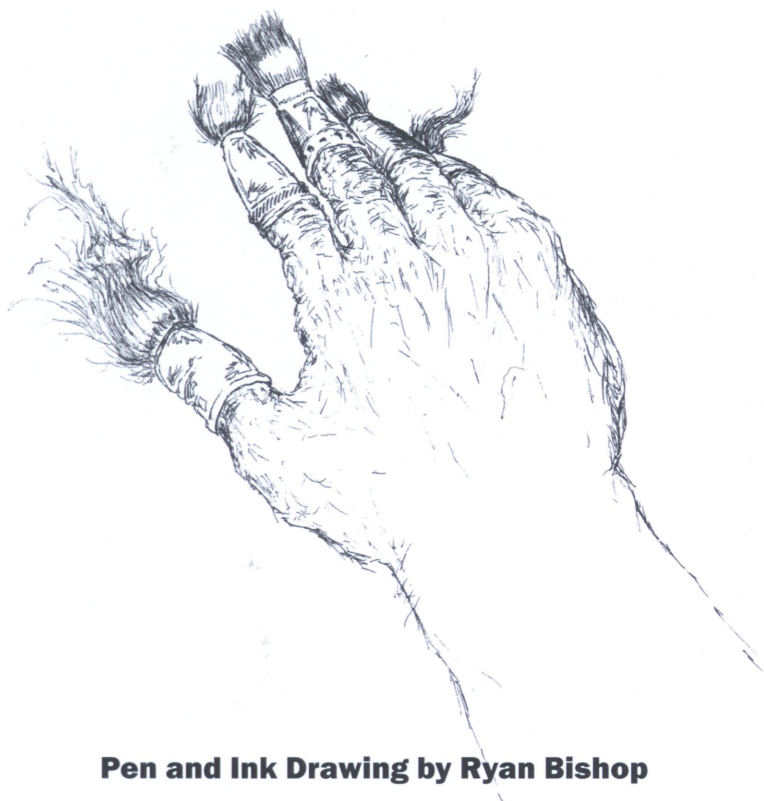
Sitting so high and far above
is just the simple way.

The stars are just for wishing on
and for dreaming once in awhile.

It's living life and taking risks,
that can really make you smile.

Daily Masterpieces

Lee Jones



Pen and Ink Drawing by Ryan Bishop

The young man rose from his tiny bed tucked away in the quietness of his apartment. There he faced the new day with hesitation, like a painter facing a blank canvas. He looked at some of his old paintings, memories. These told the story of his life. Some he wanted to cherish and others he wished were never painted. Nevertheless, he picked up a brush and colors for a new day. His dreams told him where to start, and wet paint soaked into the fresh canvas as he stepped out of his apartment. He walked to the house of an old woman and there he made a daily delivery of love. She loved to hear what he planned to paint that day and he loved telling her about it. She shaped the very first strokes of the daily masterpiece, and as he walked to the little college on Mosely Street, he smiled. The fiery orange of sunrays began to appear on the canvas and sparkled as they filled the empty space.

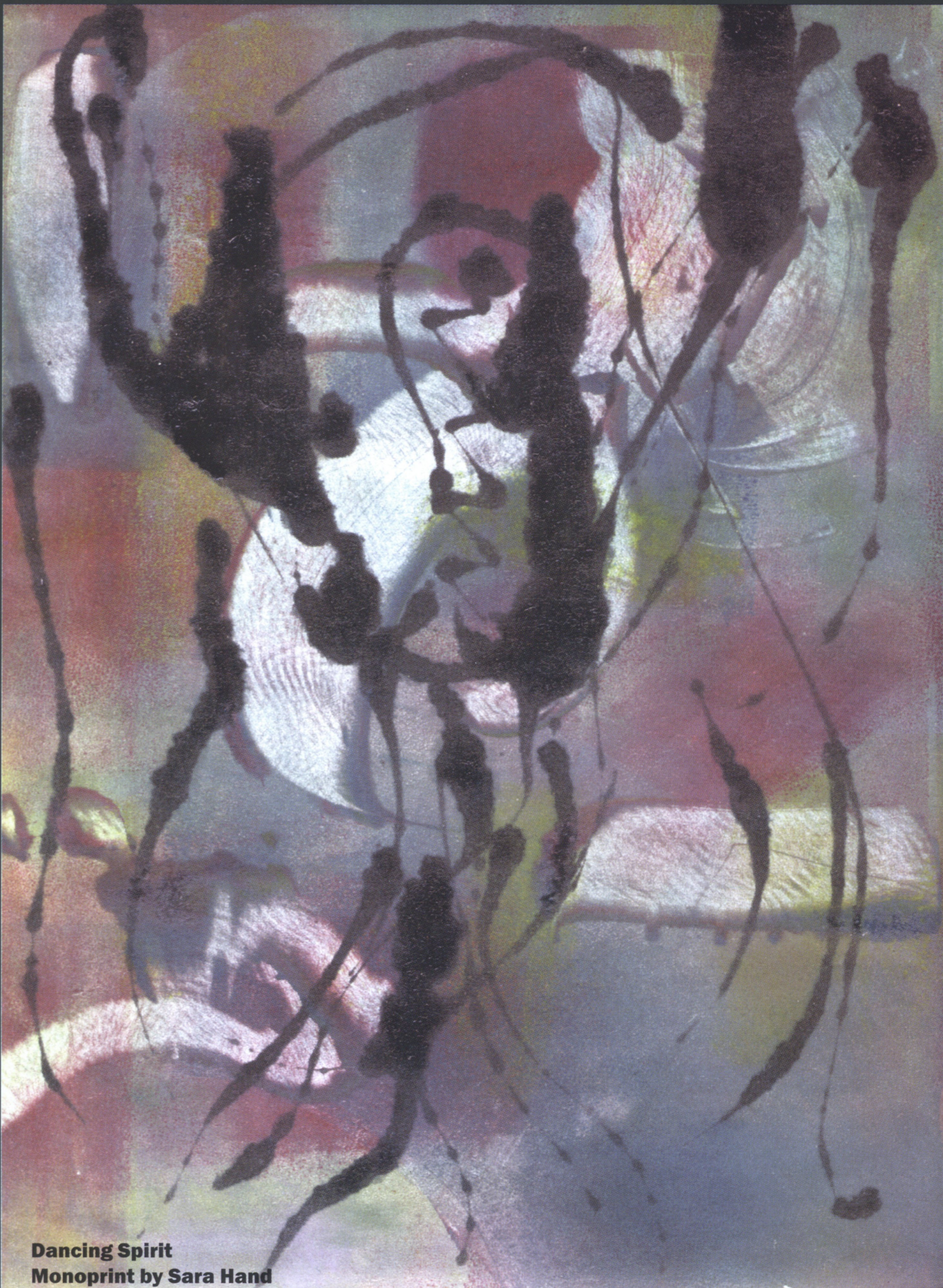
His smile always caught the attention of his classmates. They loved when he shared memories of his childhood. He would tell of the days when life was like a sweet wind blowing through the leaves of a willow tree. Calm and moving. He didn't show many

people the paintings of sorrow that filled some canvases. He thought they were things people didn't care about. After class he walked down to the ocean, and it was there he met a stranger.

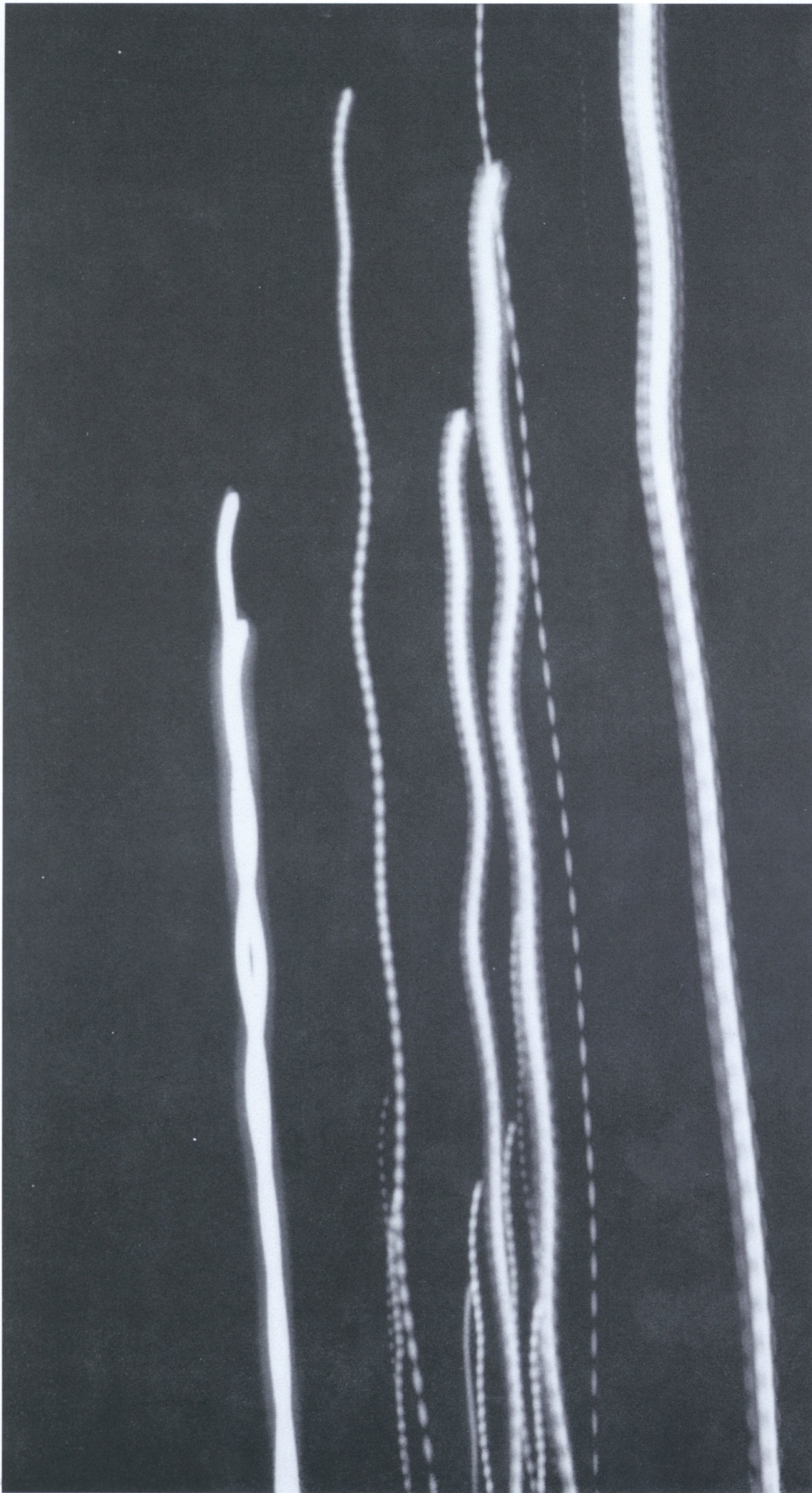
The stranger was a simple person who was generally overlooked by others. The young man loved painting these types of people. The stranger took interest in some of the young man's paintings, especially the ones that resembled his life. "I wish I were still like you," the stranger would say, remembering moments of happiness. The stranger told his story, something the young man had come to expect after sharing his paintings with people. The stranger described his life and how he now felt like a ship floating at sea with no direction or meaning. The young man painted. The sparkles on the canvas soon became part of the glimmering ocean, but the stranger could only see random colors. Waves began to rise from the water, and gently they crashed on the freshly painted shore, but the stranger thought it silly. The young man continued painting and slowly separated the blue of the water into a magnificent sky. It was then that the fiery orange of the sun was at home among the clouds and rolling sea. The stranger finally began to see how, from nothingness, the painter had produced a masterpiece. In the brilliance of the sea there was no place for a lost ship, so the brush hesitated to find just the right spot for two silhouettes on the white sandy shore. It was then that young man spoke the most he had all day.

"We all paint. We have good paintings and bad. You, my friend, have shown me sorrowful glimpses of your life, but I offer you a brush and colors. You can paint on a fresh canvas. Tonight as you sleep, dream of what tomorrow could be, and in the morning you will know what to paint when you rise."

It made sense to the stranger even though he had never painted in his life. The dreams of the night offer a blank canvas each morning. "Life is a daily masterpiece waiting to happen."



Dancing Spirit
Monoprint by Sara Hand



Rush
Photo by Stefanie Self

Sexual Intellect

Lauren Lang

Words pour from My mouth with grandeur.
Scintillating sounds seduce My audience
in awe staring with their ears at the feast of My thought.
Marveling at My nouns, they refuse to refute My vivacious
vocals when I sss My Ss and Oh My Os, engulfing them with My passionate prose,
poetics,
I warm their hollow hearts with full-bodied words like
Egocentric, Ostentatious, Omnipotent.
Gracing them with My intellect, they become suspended,
hovering over My lips with anticipation, waiting,
waiting for whips to pass My lips, rolling over my tongue like dewdrops over a petal
Bearing each pause, as I run my fingers through My hair,
clear My throat,
breath in deeply to feed My next phrase,
they sit anxiously silent,
intoxicated.
Finally, when satisfied I have nourished each of them,
My romancing syllables fade away as the moment dies.
I know My last word has filled their voids.
I allow silence to fall
Once my linguistic libido is contented.



Photo courtesy of Rural Studio

[Sambo and I] were playing touch football in the yard in front of the supershed. He told me to throw up a pass, and by the time he was done picking through the defense the ball was in his hands [and he was] celebrating. This was a part of Sambo not everyone saw, but I feel this shows how Sambo cared for the Rural Studio, and how he made it one of the most memorable times of my life. — Gary Miller



Rural Studio 2002

A Scrapbook

In 1993, Samuel “Sambo” Mockbee and D.K. Ruth founded Auburn’s Rural Studio in Hale County, Alabama, one of the poorest counties in the state. Here architecture students spend a semester or more building a home out of primarily found and donated materials for a struggling family. Sambo’s purpose was to expose architecture students to the realities of poverty while broadening their understanding of structure, materiality, and construction. He wished to instill in his students a sense of community responsibility, which they could in turn take with them into the workforce.

Last spring, a group of twenty second-year architecture students made their way out to Newbern, Alabama, for another rural studio project. There they were given a chance to build a house for a needy family, the Shiles, who the students selected through a series of interviews. Students had developed a design for the Shiles’ house, after much collaboration and many late-night meetings, that included everyone’s ideas and satisfied the client’s needs and desires. Construction began in spring 2002. Materials easily found in the community such as tires, wooden pallets, windowpanes, and donated wood were used in the Shiles’ House.

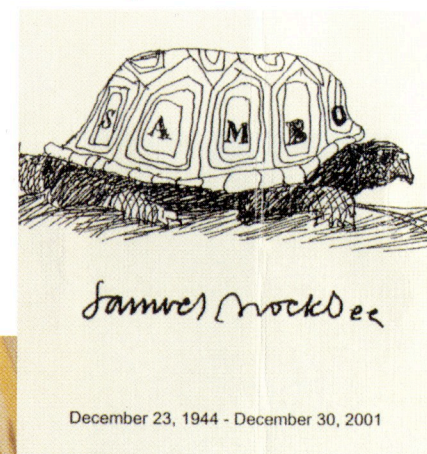
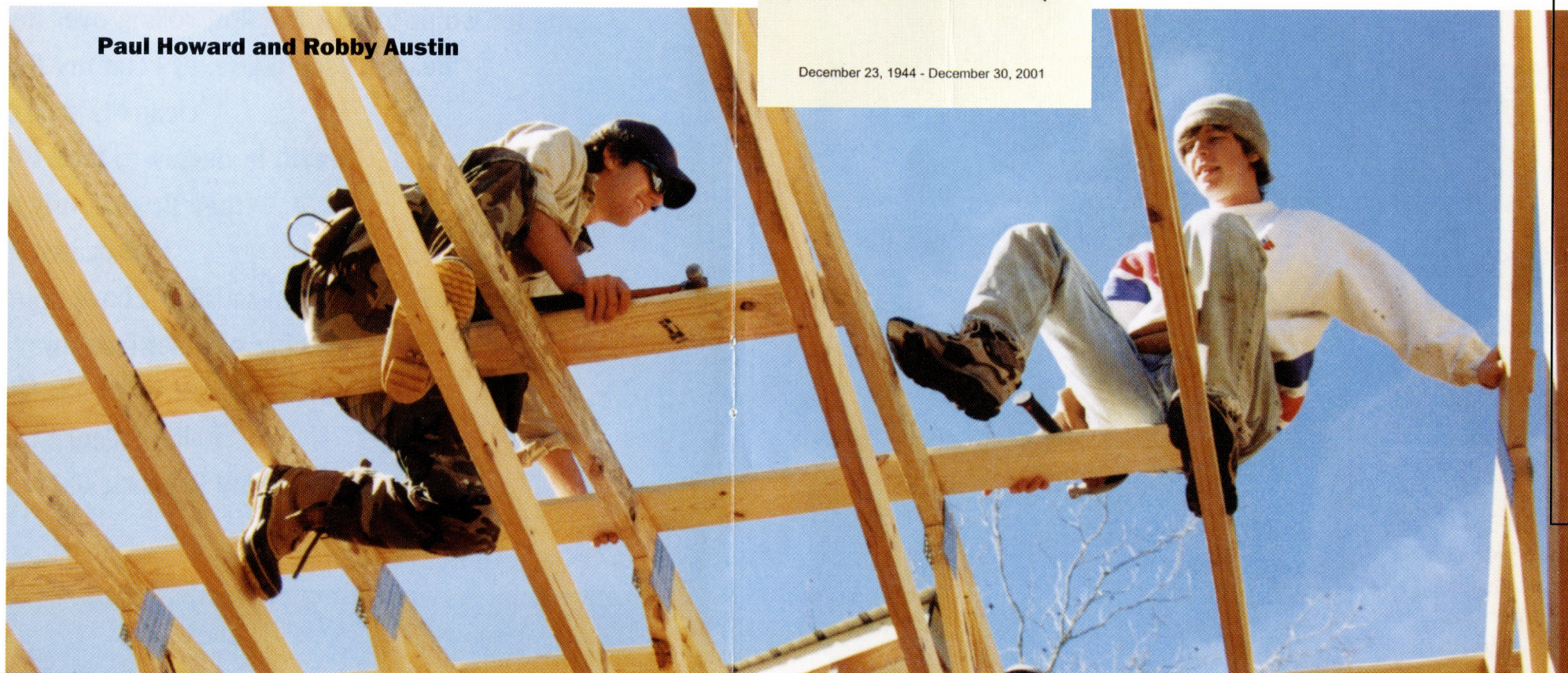
Teamwork became the essential tool for building both the structure and each other up. On the site, classmates became friends just as design became form. Students shared a common goal on the muddy site for seeing the house completed and encouraged one another to persevere.

Although Mockbee passed away last December, his spirit of community and passion lives on today through the many students and faculty he influenced and through Rural Studio in Newbern.

For more information about the Rural Studio, please visit their website at www.arch.auburn.edu/ruralstudio.

Photos contributed by Monica Starling

Paul Howard and Robby Austin



Being able to build something you design is an amazing experience that you gain at Rural Studio that you can’t get in a classroom or studio. The day you complete it, it feels good to just sit back, look at it, and smile. Some of the best [ideas] are the ones you design the night before!

— Carrie Jaxon

by Monica Starling
and Rebekah Caldwell



Before I begin, let me put the pods in perspective. For an entire semester, we lived rent-free, short of the fifty dollar deposit we all had to pay. The pods were experiments in various forms of construction materials and none, except the cardboard pod, were absolutely complete. Our group was there during the 2002 spring semester, which was thankfully the first semester to have heat in the pods. Once it got warm, windows and fans were the only cooling devices. Despite this, it was a great experience in teaching humility about where you live and what you have, or don't have. Our pods were our home, our studio, and our barrier to the outside elements. Hindsight is definitely 20/20, because at the time I would have given anything or driven anywhere just to have a "nice" place to stay. But now in the comfort of my apartment, there are times I long for my pod, Pod #3.

— Josh Arnett

[Rural Alabama] opened my eyes to a part of the south that I knew existed but had never experienced. I enjoyed the rides through the countryside, of course, with the windows down.

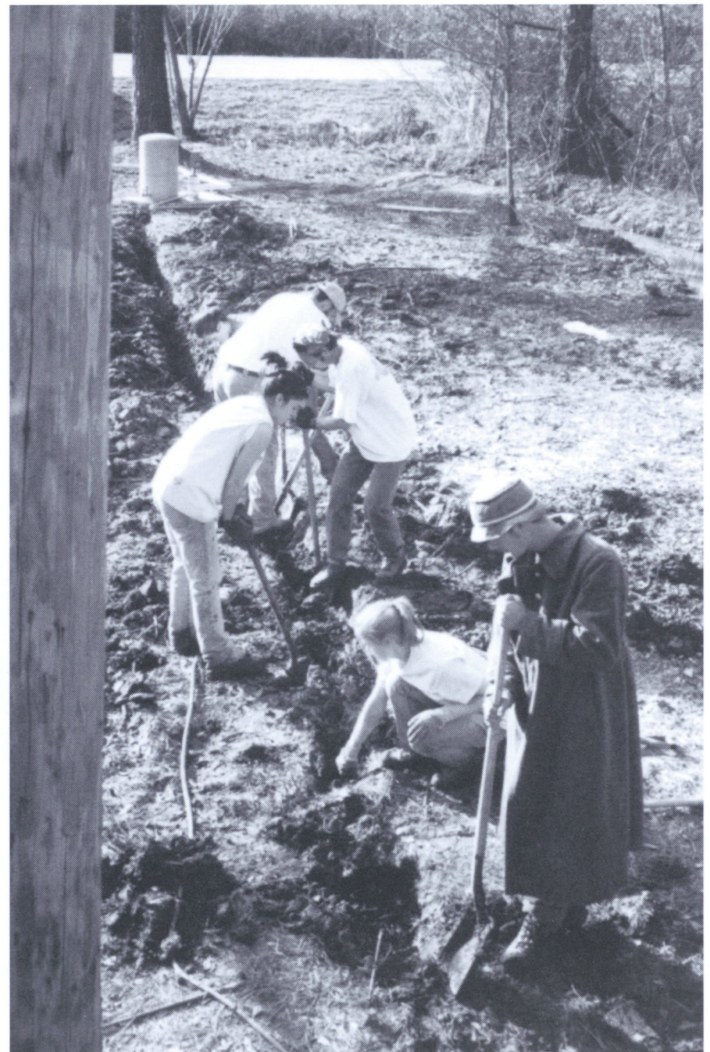
— Carrie Jaxon



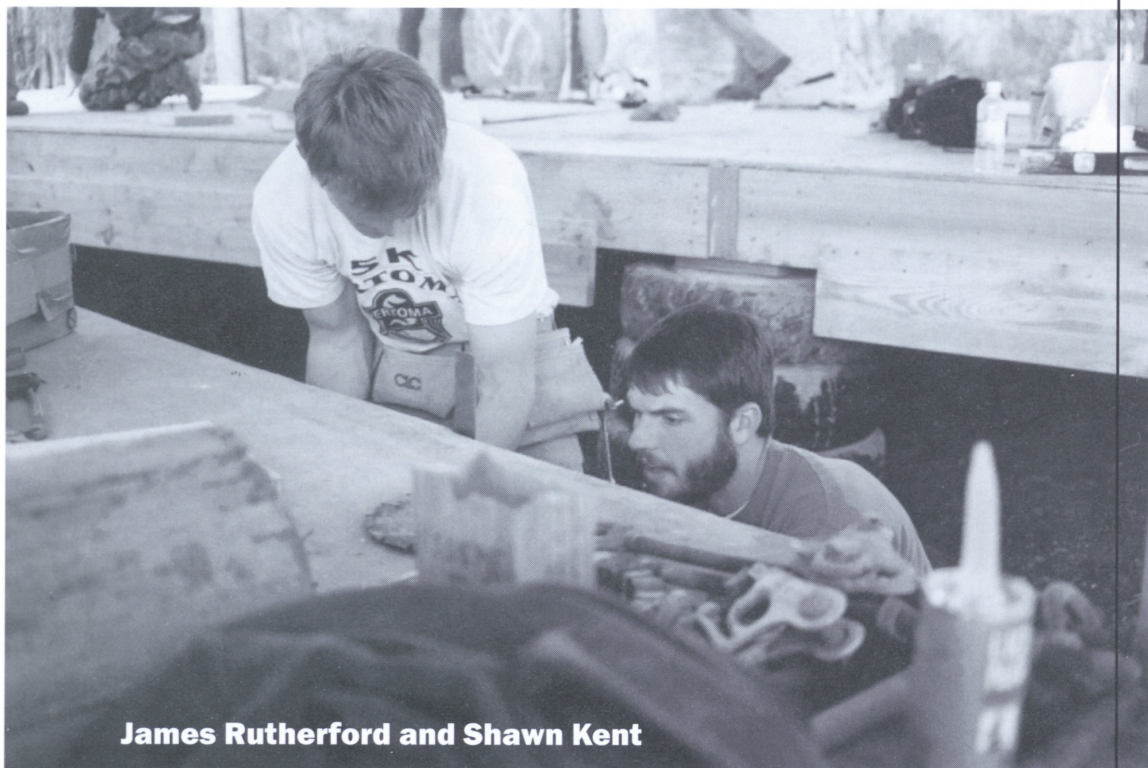
In the late afternoons, we would play competitive games of ultimate frisbee or maybe basketball. After dinner we entertained ourselves in a variety of ways. We set up a big screen and watched movies on the "party deck," played hide-and-go-seek in the neighboring tree farm, went mud riding, had a fire out by the "party deck" and roasted marshmallows, played spades, and yes . . . we blew things up. — Amanda Herron

Mud was often unbearable. Even so, stomping around in the mud often provided a light comic side to the hard work on the site. It was difficult, though, to dig a precise hole one day only to have rain fill it with mud the next.

— Sam Vines



One of my favorite moments on site was when the guys pushed up one of the telephone poles themselves without using a crane. Physics would tell you it was impossible, but somehow the guys crowded at the base and raised up the pole—we were all cheering. Oh, and the day we left the site to jump into the river at Lock Five. That was fun. — Monica Starling



James Rutherford and Shawn Kent

I guess the scariest moment on site for me would have to be the day that the scaffolding almost collapsed with me on top of it. A few of us were framing the loft floor on scaffolding that was two tiers tall (about twenty feet). While we were atop this apparatus twenty feet in the air, one leg slipped into the mud causing the entire side that I was standing on to instantaneously fall about three feet. Luckily, I kept my balance, but let out a moan for which I would get ridiculed in weeks to come, and learned to always put blocks under every leg of scaffolding. — Dereck Aplin

There were no food places open on Sunday! My sister came one weekend and I wanted to take her out to lunch, but no diners, restaurants, or cafes were open. We ended up eating at McDonalds. But really, the greatest part of being out there was that there was nothing out there. You were surrounded by blue sky and green fields for miles and miles with nothing in the way but beautiful old silos and antique barns – you were in a world of its own.

— Laura Filipek

On a typical day, we got up, ate breakfast, and drove the fifteen-minute drive to be at the site at eight o'clock. Whatever was on the agenda for the day, we worked on until lunchtime. Sometimes we went back to the Morrisette House and other times we drove to Greensboro and picked from a plethora of barbecue restaurants. Then, we worked at the site from one o'clock till about six o'clock, went home and ate dinner. After dinner, if we weren't too tired, we just hung out and got to know each other.

— Angela Hughey



Lonzé and André, clients

[Hale County] gave me a sense of nature; it was so peaceful out there. While at Rural Studio I was able to discover myself and learn a lot about “life.” — Catherine Liscum



Shiles' House

My favorite part of the Shiles' House would personally have to be the spiral roof that goes from vertical at the rear of the house to nearly horizontal at its end, about twelve feet past the front of the house, making a covering over the front steps. The total span is about 45 feet. We almost didn't build it, but then a few of us got brave and decided to go for it. It was a challenge for us to figure out and cut the double compound mitre birdsbeaks (exactly), but in the end we prevailed and completed what I consider to be the crown of our project.

— Chance Parrish and the Roof Crew

Escapade

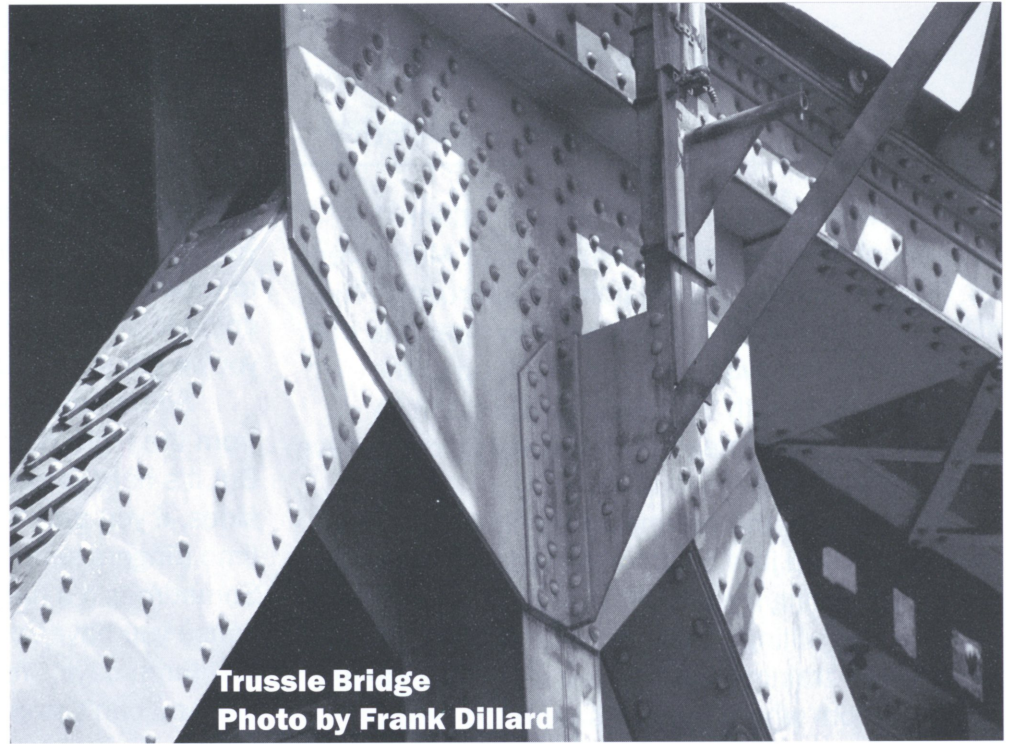
Tabb Fonde'

It's the night after your thirtieth birthday when you first see Nick Adams again. Your husband of six years is on a carrier off the coast of a country whose name you can't even pronounce, so seeing Nick sounded like fun. Last night, at the Tourist Trap Tavern, you looked up his phone number in the Jubilee County phone book and planned your little escapade. For the two weeks your husband has been away, you've been at your parents' house, two hours away from the base you've been living on for the past three years.

On the drive down Lazy Lane, a muddy Alabama red-clay road that winds around hay bales and is covered in car-sized potholes, you wonder if seeing Nick was such a good idea. The last time you saw him, ten years ago, he cheated on his girlfriend with you, and now you're making the twenty-minute drive from your parents' house to cheat on John. You almost drive past the small red brick house that sits so far off the road that the sixty-watt light bulb in the porch lamp doesn't help you to notice that the porch is really only a two-by-three foot slab of concrete that isn't even attached to the house. When you realize that it's the right house, you have to back up and pull into the dirt path of a driveway and park behind his burgundy Chevy pickup with a bumper sticker on the back that reads "SAVE A BOAT, RIDE A FISHERMAN." As you turn off the ignition, you see Nick sitting on the steps of the porch drinking a beer. His dark hair is shorter than you remember and he's gained a few pounds.

Having only been out of your car a second, you just stand there with the driver's door to your car blocking the distance between you, fumbling your keys between the fingers of your right hand, watching him because he hasn't even moved yet. He turns to look at you, and you can see his tanned, tight skin in the light from the porch lamp. Working as a deck hand on a charter fishing boat has built up his muscles, which shine from sweat in the humid June night.

As he walks closer to you, the three beers you consumed on the way over seem to well up and kick you in the gut a few times. When he gets close enough for you to smell his



Trussle Bridge
Photo by Frank Dillard

cologne, you know you're going to go through with this and you're glad.

Once you're both inside the house, it becomes obvious that he doesn't often bring women inside. The room is painted a dingy white, with trophy snapper on every wall. The carpet is dirty and the only two places to sit are covered in old newspapers and fishing magazines. There are six fishing rods crammed into the corner, lines tangled and rusty hooks stuck into the plaster wall.

Your mind wanders until he fits your hand around a Jack and Coke. The smell of the liquor reminds you of the way his mouth tasted ten years ago and brings your mind back to the reason you're here. Half an hour later, you're lying on top of him watching the base of his throat, and the feeling of sex and alcohol seems to permeate your body as you take everything that you came for and the only thing you wanted.

It's four AM and the room smells stale and old when you collect your clothes and sneak into the bathroom down the hall to put them back on. His front door is unlocked when you go to leave and since his room is in the back of the house, he won't hear your car start.

When you turn off of Lazy Lane onto County Road 83, Hank Williams is singing "Your Cheatin' Heart" on the radio, and you start humming along. By the time you pull in your parents' driveway, you've been singing loud enough to make their dog howl. You climb into your bed just as the sun starts to show in the distance, and you're still singing.

IN MY OPINION

Jamie Whiteley

I was dozing off in navigation. I think the Lieutenant was saying something about Maneuvering Boards and the closest point of approach. The XO (Executive Officer) suddenly threw open the door and told us class was over and to get up to the wardroom as quickly as possible. My stomach turned. I couldn't imagine what possibly could have caused this change in routine.

When I saw the second plane hit, I knew my career path had just taken a Mac 3 turn in another direction, leaving my breakfast behind. I had never seen people willingly jump out of a building. Suddenly all my training seemed too real. I felt like I was in a room where the lights were too bright.

Did Sept. 11 change America? Of course. Did Sept. 11 change the Armed Forces? I can't answer that question, but I can give you my perspective.

Being in the military is, in my opinion, more of an inconvenience than anything else. We have to get up early some days. Then there is the paperwork thing. If we want to go somewhere or need something, we have to fill out a ream of request chits (forms). Your paychecks are often messed up, and good luck trying to get your travel claims properly filed (they are impossible to figure out).

We can't do certain things in uniform like smoke, drink, or support any political causes. We have to wear belts, close-backed sandals, and tucked-in shirts. We can't wear flip-flops or belly shirts. We can't pierce our noses, belly buttons, or eyebrows. We can't dye our hair or have beards. There are entire books dedicated to our personal appearance regulations.

Let's not forget about our summers (for some of

us, this is our day-to-day existence). While everyone else is either going to the beach or earning much-needed cash, we're in training. Beaches are a whole lot more fun when you aren't wearing Kevlar helmets, utilities (or BDUs), canteens, or ill-fitting boots while carrying a rifle that, no matter how hard you try, is always digging into your back. You'd love to wipe the sweat out of your eyes, but it's only going to smear the grease paint, and besides, you've got sand stuck to your hands and fingers.

Sometimes you can see people on the beaches from the flight deck if the ship pulls close enough. But it's hard to see through the goggles, and besides, if you aren't paying attention you could lose a limb (fingers seem to be popular candidates). Sometimes it's hard to pay attention, though, because you haven't slept more than two hours in the last three days. Your head hurts from lack of sleep, and you can't stop shaking because of the four Cokes you just drank to keep yourself moving.

They call it summer camp; however, it's anything but fun. For some odd reason, some guy you don't even know is taking it as a personal affront that you exist and won't stop yelling at you. While you're standing at attention for what seems like hours, you daydream about your friends having a blast in Panama City. Meanwhile, you're trying to wiggle your toes in your shoes without making your



Photo contributed by Jamie Whiteley

pants move so you don't lose circulation in your legs and pass out.

This isn't like any other nine-to-five job. If you don't get everything done, your boss can come get you out of bed (they often do). Our workdays start before the sun rises and end after the sun sets. Then you have watches to stand, paperwork to finish, and uniforms to iron. Forget about weekends . . . we don't have 'em. Sometimes if you're lucky you can get holiday routine, and they let you sleep till eight or nine. And the pay . . . well, let's just say no one is doing this to get rich. I'll leave it at that.

These things have been going on for years and years. The Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Force have been training this way since their inception. Sometimes they haven't had the money to afford training equipment, and we've had to close our eyes and imagine we're shooting the enemy (you feel silly yelling "bang bang" at a cardboard cutout of a tank). They were training yesterday, they are training today, and they'll train tomorrow.

Sometimes the concepts change. We stopped talking about trenches and sea power, and instead we talk about things like network centric warfare and CBR (chemical, biological, radiological) containment.

Our shipmates have been dying long before Sept. 11 (Beruit, Somalia, Iraq, and on the USS Cole). They are killed in bombings, shootings, riots, and helicopters. They are dying in engine rooms, on flight decks, in tanks, on watch, and in the chow line. Their faces never appear on TV or in the papers. No one tries to remember their names. They died yesterday, they are dying today, and they'll die tomorrow.

But now that we're here it's not so bad. In fact, it's an honor. I sit on my rack every summer morning lacing up my boots, thanking God that I'm free, thanking God that I am an American, thanking God that I am a sailor. I sat on the rack before Sept. 11, and I sit there now.

We have good times together. We work hard and play hard. I remember port calls, Spain, Italy, France, and Hungary. I remember jokes and pranks. I remember card games, betting beer (and

anything else handy) on football games: "Hey watch this . . ."

I remember nights spent star gazing and sitting on piers swinging our legs. I vaguely remember beer cans and empty shot glasses. I remember sharing hotel rooms and bars of soap. I remember sharing toothpaste, socks, and money. I remember naps taken in a pile of sleeping bodies on a piece of cardboard because there was nowhere else to take a break. I remember tears and lost friends. I remember baby showers, weddings, and birthdays. I remember fights and frustration. I remember the fear, the loneliness, and the sorrow that are part of being in such close proximity to one another and learning about each other's feelings.

I get a knot in my throat every time we put Marines on the shore. The adrenaline pumps through my arms and legs as they hit the beach. "Please God, let them all come back in one piece." I close my eyes every time the Air Force flies over. I feel the thunder of their engines in my chest. "Please God, let them be invisible on the enemy's radar." I clench my fists as the Army's tanks roll by. The treads of the tank scream and the thud of the howitzer makes me wince. "Please God, let them be invincible."

These are your brothers and sisters going to war. These are your daughters, sons, mothers, and fathers going to war. Each and every one of them is priceless. Just because they are in the military doesn't make their deaths any less agonizing, any less important, and yes, any less newsworthy.

So, you ask if we've changed. We haven't changed. We are still waiting patiently for our turn to serve each and every one of you. We are still sitting behind consoles, in fox holes, and in cockpits waiting for the signal to do what we've been trained to do.

In the midst of all the praise being lavished on fire fighters and police officers (long overdue), don't forget that we've been there for years, and we'll be there long after the War on Terrorism is over. Our Armed Forces deserve your support too.

We have good times together. We work hard and play hard. I remember port calls, Spain, Italy, France, and Hungary. I remember jokes and pranks. I remember card games, betting beer (and anything else handy) on football games: "Hey watch this . . ."

A BETTER WAY

The Toomer's

Corner

point:

To toss or not to toss? These editorials, reprinted from *The Auburn Circle* Winter Issue 1976, offer a perspective and a bit of history regarding one of Auburn's most famed traditions.

Care was taken to reprint these articles in a format as close to the original as feasible. Articles were edited to fit available space.

BY RENA MOUNT

Student member of the Circle's Editorial Board
Senior, English

When you scrutinize Auburn society, from my point of view at least, you might conclude with me that it is properly institutionalized in one grand symbol: the flung roll.

I refuse to get defensive, for these roots go back as far as the second century, when Tertullian asserted that there is only one basis for believing in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and that is, "Because it is absurd." This happy strain echoes down the ages, unsullied by attempts of modern philosophers to pull a long face over it—a rather shaky basis for faith, but endlessly applicable and deeply ingrained in the mentality of every freshman who has tried for days to call the library, discovering at last from a Department of Laboratory Experiences operator that what he really wants is The Learning Resources Center. The student, having just penned the final plagiarized flourish on his term paper, "Time, Death, and the Gothic Cathedral as Related to Sexual Imagery in the Recently Discovered Early Short Stories of Lydia B. Pinkham," prefers a whiff of fresh air. And

together with his Squeeze and his Roll, he steps down to Toomer's Corner to make his simple, affirmative statement.

And where else, these dreary days, could he see deans leaping up and down on top of stalled Chevrolets with Ohio license tags, wild-eyed tourists huddling inside with protective arms thrown around their poodles? Where else take a strategic leghold atop the staid marble band and pelt bony professors on the head with rolls of the old standby?

I interviewed several aging Auburnites on this matter. One prominent matron, recently elected the Green Gardeners Club Autumnal Unwrapper of the Downtown Rose Bushes; commented, "Our secretary is currently corresponding with Union Camp Paper Company officials, who assure us that their scientists are working day and night to produce before next fall a heavily perforated product which, if tossed, will fall apart in neat squares. The D.A.R. has joined us in sponsoring this Bicentennial project."

A graying moneylender said, "you wouldn't remember the time Shug beat Florida for the first time. As the Florida cars came through the intersection, right

here in front of my store, the students poured over them like slow molasses and simply picked them up and turned them around, back toward the stadium." His eyes misted over with gratitude.

But in a well-loved bookstore I received the reply which, after I finish my night course in Assertiveness for Women, I shall repeat at cocktail parties to anyone who launches into his genealogy. "Good morning, sir," I said, "I am doing an article on throwing toilet paper at Toomer's Corner. There is widespread opposition mounting." He looked up from his cash register, pushed back his horned rims, and said, "What else do you know that I don't give a damn about?"

And I tell you, Dr. Ward, we will not be pushed too far. I, (in defense of the absurd), whose very existence depended on that night in Felton Little Park when my father pulled off the coup of the season, by tying the ropes of the Barnum and Bailey circus tent to a freight train and watching the first glints of true love steal into my mother's eyes as the canvas heaved and blew away for Birmingham, leaving startled elephants and trapeze girls to fend for themselves among the shouts and cheers, tell you: Dr. Ward, we will not.

TO SAY HURRAY?

Tissue



Tradition

Counterpoint:

BY CHARLOTTE WARD

Faculty Member of the *Circle's* Editorial Board
Ph. D., Physics

In this Bicentennial year the ladies of Auburn, young and old (and middle-aged, like me) are doing their creative utmost to capture the essence of the loveliest village in embroidery and appliqué of nine-by-nine percale, ultimately to be stitched together in a quilt. I trust Mrs. Mount has done a slightly padded hollow cylinder picked out in orange and blue briar stitch to set off the white on white, since I must agree that such an emblem would indeed capture a certain "essence."

Only recently at the University Senate I listened to our well-known Chevrolet-leaping dean defend the maturity and judgment of the TAS* and point out our obligation as faculty to help him/her develop even further that profound sense of dedication to scholarship and community responsibility each one of them brings to campus as fresh-

**Typical Auburn Student. The Ward children, as they grew up, were reprimanded for their lack of scholastic diligence with the phrase, "Don't be a TAS!" Of course that was years ago.*

man, along with their brand new pre-washed jeans when they arrive in their shiny new cars in the fall, ready for rush and football and whatever other values** the University may offer. So surely it is the duty of the University community to support those serious, mature students in the disdain they must feel—yea, even the embarrassment—at the juvenile and undignified practice of festooning wires, street lamps, and live oak trees of the intersection of our city's two principal thoroughfares with toilet paper.***

But there are other cogent arguments for the cessation of this outmoded custom, however much the alumni protest.****

1. It is a frightful waste of paper. Think before you throw that roll that you could, by refraining, save a tree.

2. Others are in dire need of the very product you are spending so casually. No one who has traveled in Europe could ever again fail to cherish the soft, squeezable product of American know-how. (I once

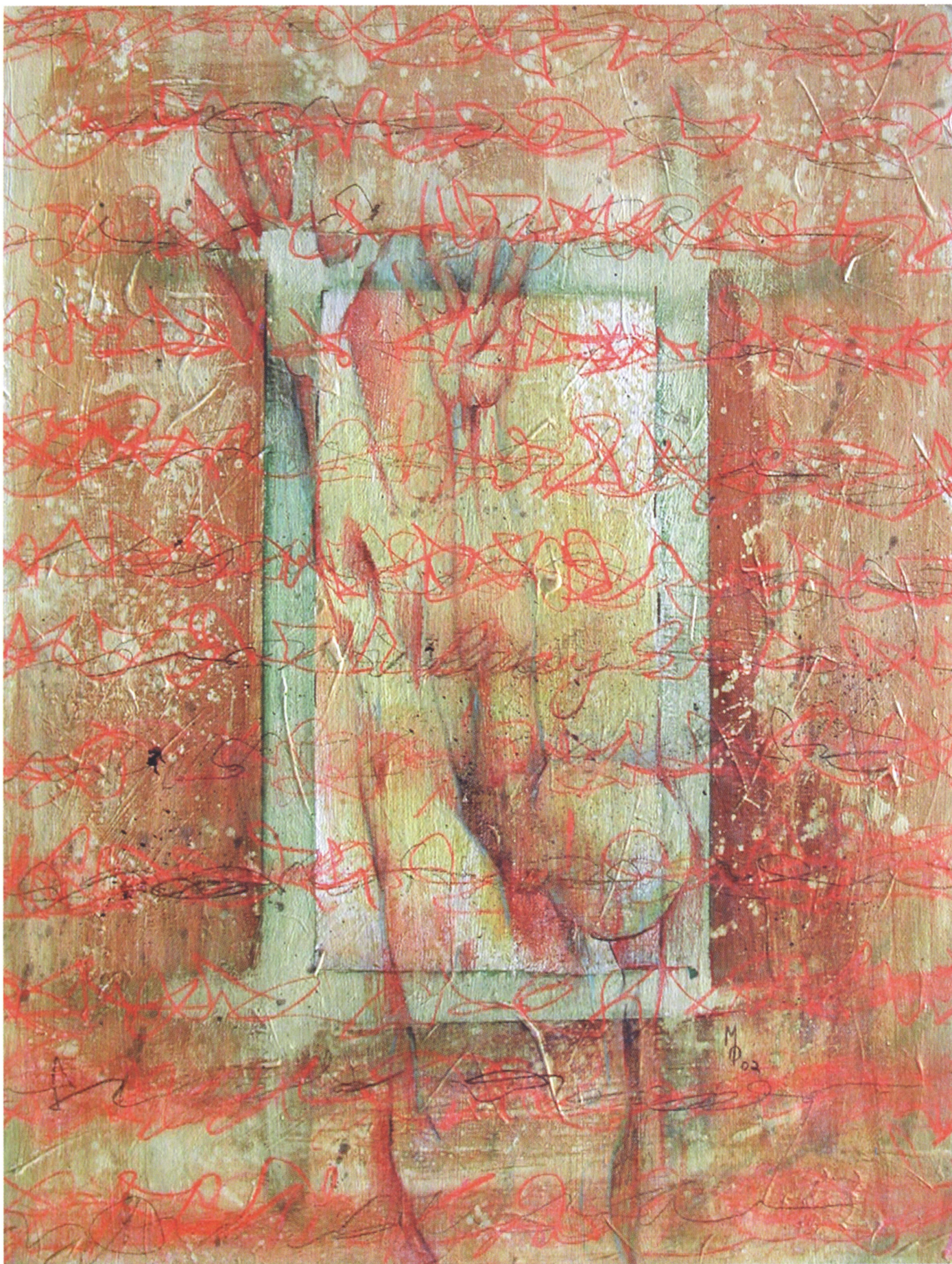
overheard two very sedate gray-haired American ladies seated on the sunny deck of a Rhine river steamer discussing not the romantic castles on the bank but the relative harshness of the German, French, and British products. I hate to think what they'd say if they chanced to pass through Auburn on Sunday morning after a football victory!)

3. There is a climate-environmental factor to be considered. As you may have noticed, rain is not uncommon in Auburn at many seasons of the year. Wet toilet paper, dripping from trees to ground, presents a removal problem, and research done some years ago by the author under auspices of the League of Women Voters (who are concerned with Environmental Quality) showed that, biodegradability-wise, if you write your initials on a piece of that paper before you toss it, your son may come along in his college generation, bend down and retrieve a fragment from a flower bed across from J&M, and say to his date, "Dear old Dad was here, way back in '76."

***Surely there are some!*

****Mrs. Mount delicately refers to "rolls." Let us call a spade a spade.*

*****Everyone knows it is alumni trying to cling to or recapture their lost youth who foster these things, not serious, mature undergraduates.*



Reach
Painting by Miles Davis

9 de mayo 2002, Santiago de Chile

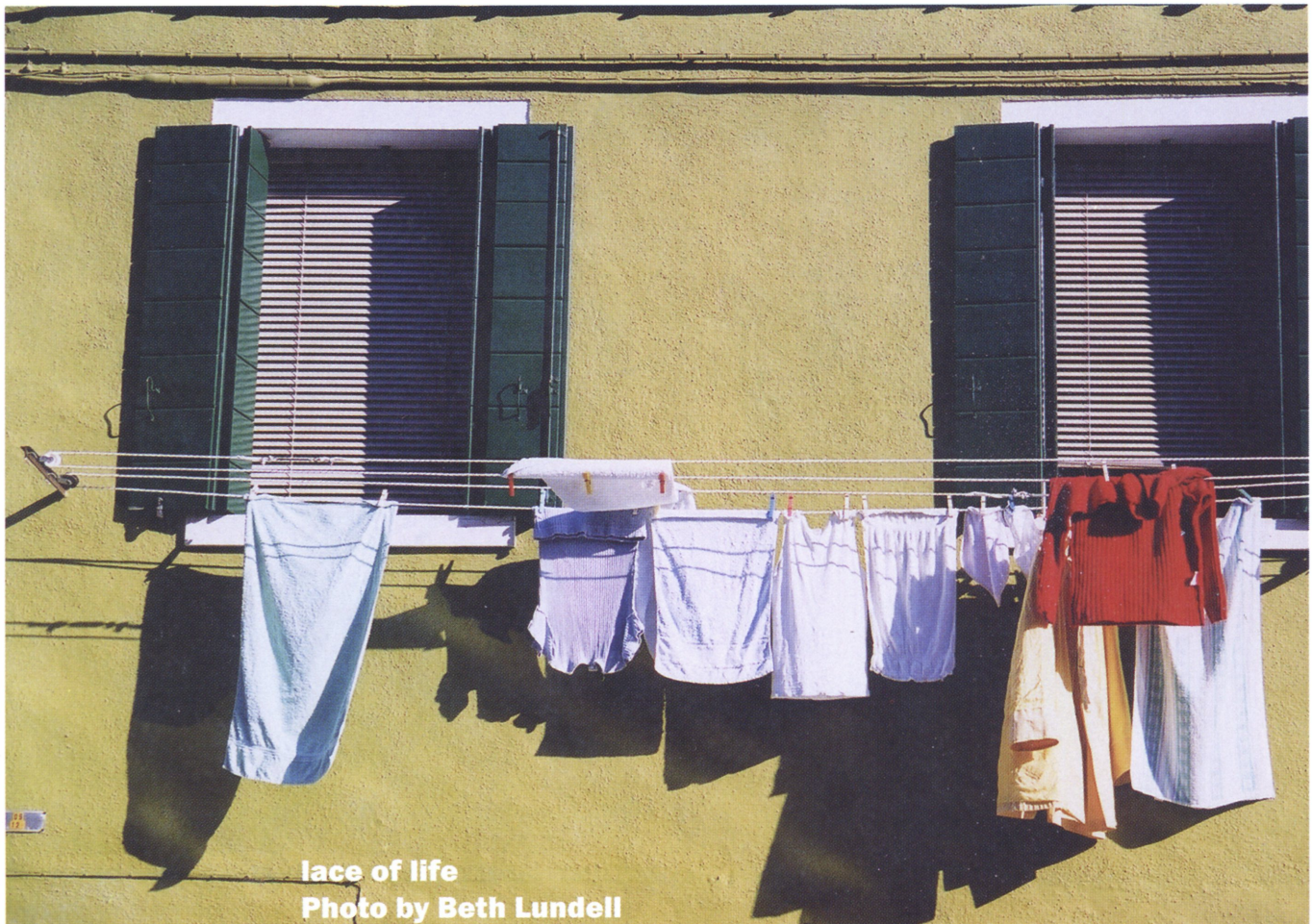
Thomas Phillips

A pesar de las nubes hoy
el atardecer era impresionante
Cerro San Cristóbal brillaba
como si nunca se hubiera visto
y me parecía que se podía
ver todo el pasado y el futuro
debajo de los brazos de la Virgen

Pero mañana al atardecer,
todos vamos a mirar
pero en otro lugar,
quizá vayamos a llorar,
o sonreír
o solo reír
del tiempo nuestro que hemos compartido
en este hermoso país donde yo he sido feliz

Despite the clouds today
the sunset was amazing
San Cristóbal Hill shone
as if never seen before
and it seemed I could see
all the past and future
beneath the arms of the Virgin

But by tomorrow's sunset,
we will all watch
but in some other place,
perhaps we will cry,
or smile
or simply laugh
about our time that we have shared
in this lovely country where I have been happy



lace of life
Photo by Beth Lundell

Design Emphasis

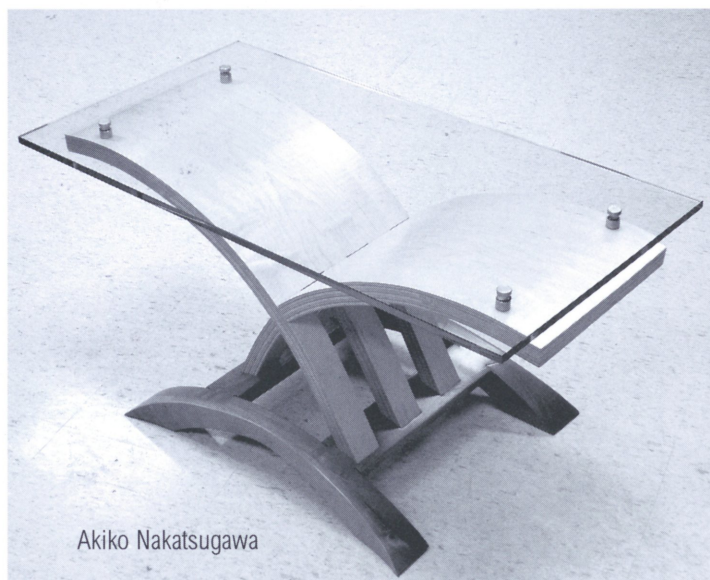
International Woodworking Fair 2002, Atlanta, Georgia
Three Auburn Industrial Design Students Win Awards



The International Woodworking Fair was held in Atlanta, Georgia, this summer. There were 225 entries from 44 schools, and 65 finalists chosen from 27 schools to display their work in the Design Emphasis Gallery during the IWF 2002. Out of the 65 finalists, 16 received awards.

From Auburn's Industrial Design program, Daniel Green received First Place in the Contract Furniture category for his 16° of Comfort Modular Chair (left).

Court Edmondson of Auburn received Second Place in the Case Goods category for his Television Cabinet (below).



Akiko Nakatsugawa of Auburn was one of the 65 finalists who displayed her work in the gallery (above).

Aira Loren
Rogers

2nd Year Portfolio Industrial Design



Aira Loren Rogers
Second Year Industrial Design Student at Auburn University



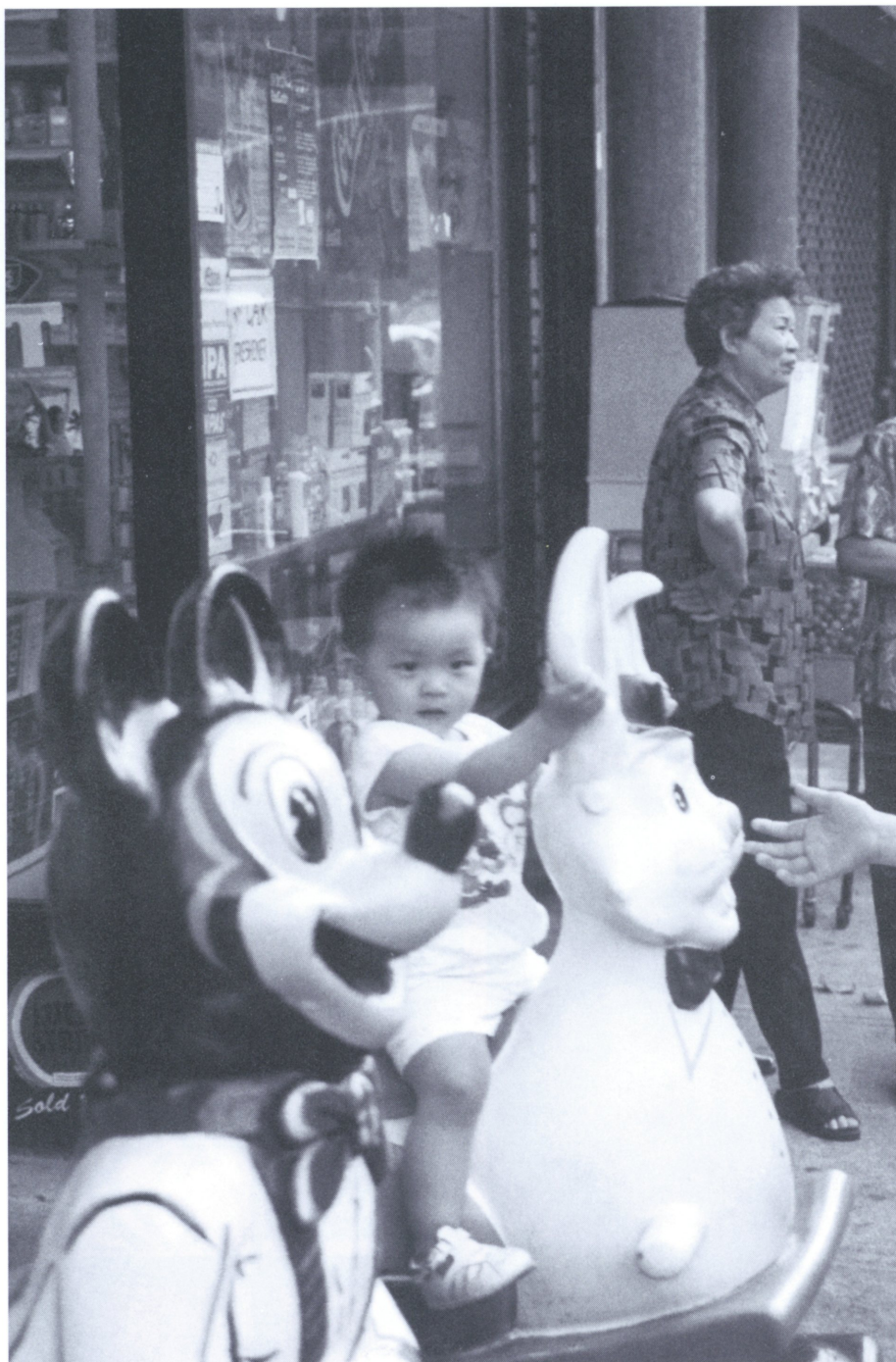
Aira Loren Rogers
Second Year Industrial Design Student at Auburn University

Aira Loren
AIRA LOREN ROGERS

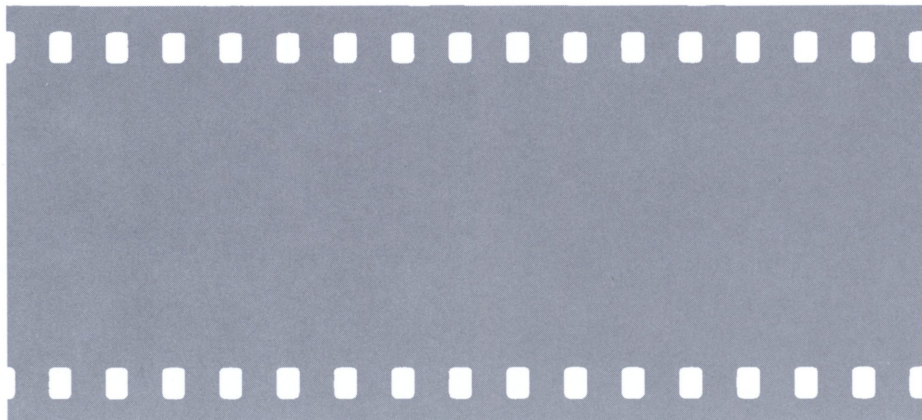
Pawpaw's Memory

Kia Amanda Powell

All that's left of my grandfather
is a single frame
from the short film
that came to an end
when I was about twelve.
An old black and white movie,
maybe a silent picture,
and in my solitary memory
of Pawpaw,
he is an old sailor,
round in the middle,
whose favorite candy
is Starlite peppermints.
He sits in a dark room,
in his favorite chair—
a dusty shade of pink.
Nana still has it,
but now it's in the back bedroom.
He wears an old white t-shirt
and black leather slippers
that always look new.
Remembering who he was,
I find pieces of that black and white
movie that once played
in my head,
have slowly been cut
away,
and now there is only
that chair,
that t-shirt,
those slippers.
His face,
chubby-cheeked and tan
will be the next to go,
for it is already fading behind
his thick black glasses.



Afternoon in Chinatown
Photo by Shannon Bailey



Why I write

Christa Jennings

To release my frustration
To let go of my fears
To unleash my anger
To hold back my tears.

To tell my feelings
To forget that I am me
To escape from this cruel world
To proclaim my love that will never be.

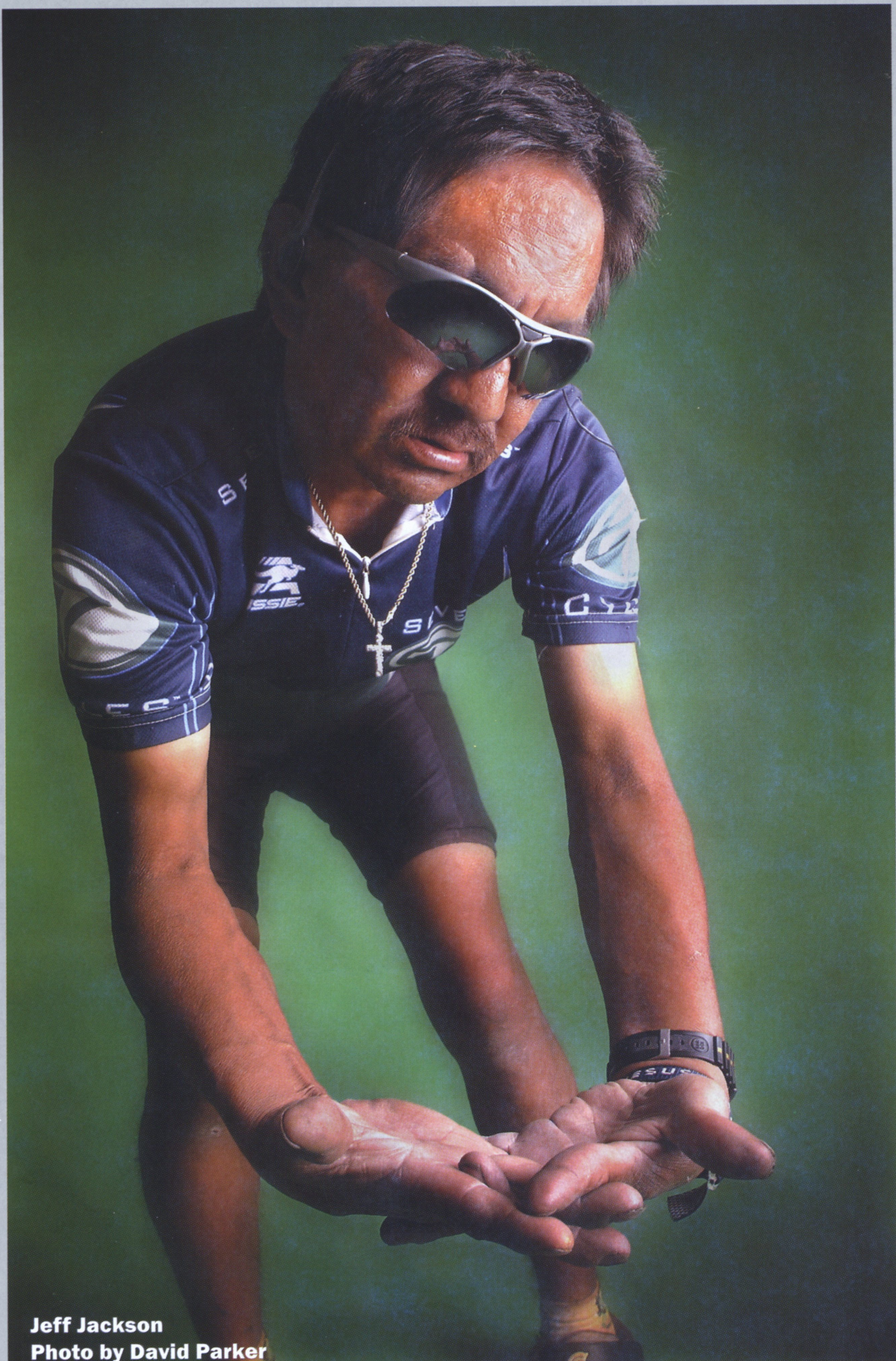
To un-bottle my emotions
To speak from my heart
To free my soul.
To remember people, whether close or apart.

To tell the truth
To be free from the lies.
To let everyone know
To speak of what is behind my eyes.

To tell my story,
Or a made-up tale.
To speak of the good times,
To recall how I always fail.

To let it all out
To forget the pain
To mention the bad times.
To relieve the strain.

To unwind,
And not be so tight.
To reveal myself
This is why I write.



Jeff Jackson
Photo by David Parker

On Sunday Afternoon

Marianne Kunkel



Forgotten Child
Photo by Rebecca Lynne Mangus

This skin traps me in-
Side a single experience.
It imprisons these parachute eyes,
These universe ears, this volcanic pulse.

This skin is just a pin-
Wheel of Vanity.
I pluck it and paint it and pull it.
I fancy its flush and hate its excess.

This skin demands this min-
Iseries of melodrama.

Skimpy paychecks
Constant car trouble
Upset grades and
Fickle friendships

This skin makes me cyn-
Ical and restless.

But without it

I meet Ella Fitzgerald.
I befriend Russian chickens and swear off scrambled eggs.
I am three feet short and my past is low to the ground.
I never look in mirrors.
I reside in Blue and hoard tangerine fish.
I am an athlete with dirty fingernails.
I crawl inside C.S. Lewis and swell with wisdom.
I dance for rain in moccasins and feathers.
I tell secrets to a barefoot Johnny Depp.
I deliver daffodils to Africa.
I lose my virginity to Edgar Allen Poe and never regret it.
I am a golden waif, a silver gypsy, and a copper penny – face up.
I eat corn tortillas.
And I speak with a sitar.

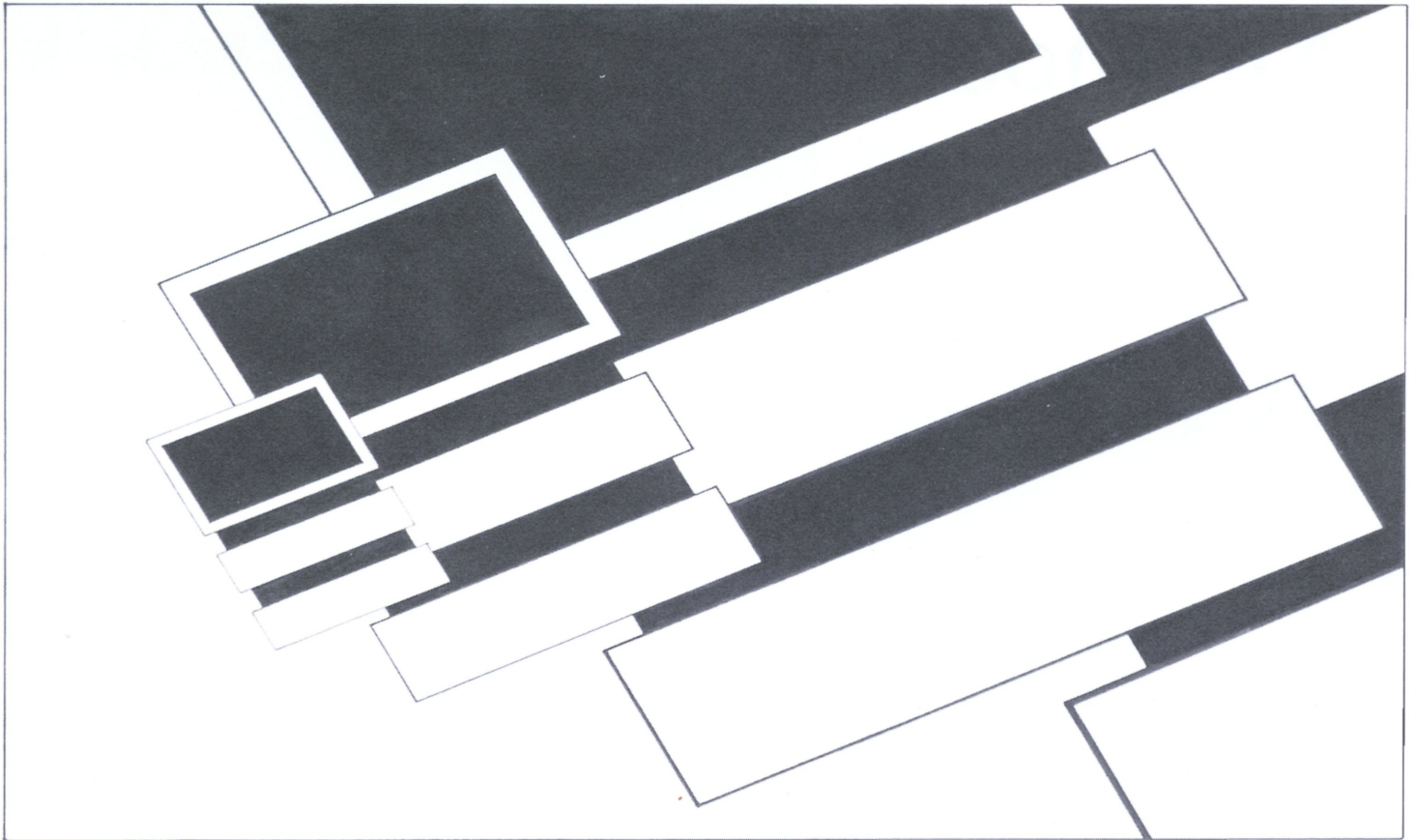
This skin has a start and a fin-
Ish. With my Ph.D. and three children intact,
I will watch it drag and fold and freckle
And settle like a mattress underneath.

And finally finally

This skin that restrains me
Will no longer remain me
And the heaven that claims me
(if heaven *does* claim me)

will be an Incredible Infinity of Experience
away from this damn skin.

Proportion & Rhythm



Matt Harris

Media: Pen and Ink on Matte Board

Industrial Design

The purpose of this project was to show proportion and rhythm through the use of a simple black and white composition. The figure appears and is then repeated several times. With each occurrence the size of the figure doubles, thus the proportion aspect. Given the placement of the figures one on top of another at a repeated percentage interval of the previous figure's size, one can begin to see the rhythm of the repetition. These are basic 2-dimensional design principles that are utilized frequently in both product as well as graphic design. — Matt Harris

A Greek Tragedy

Joshua Eli Smith

Two weeks until graduation, and the way I'm totally fitting the mold makes my beer go warm, so I have to start thinking of excuses. Before this, one of my brothers was saying how we shouldn't be drinking beer and sitting around the house, but *here* at The Patio, for the drink specials.

"Every girl, from alpha to zeta, is going to be there," he said, "probably."

So this is where you're supposed to find practically everybody in the world from 7-9. Tuesday at The Patio, for the drink specials. And with my glass half empty, and my beer getting warm, what I'm thinking is that my life is beginning to feel a lot like a Greek tragedy.

My brother didn't exactly know what he was talking about, because this close to finals, nobody's really packing it in. The place is a little more than dead, but just a little. Here we are anyway, though. What you've got here are the alcoholics of tomorrow—the early birds. And what you haven't exactly got are what my Business Ethics professor would have described as *philosophers*. If there even is such a thing anymore.

I'm caboozing the big train of my brothers that branch off of my right and down seven stools of the bar, and everything is *dude this* and *dude that*. You have to wonder, all of us here at the bar, years from now, when our hair is parted neatly down the side or fallen out. When we sit around the tables of board meetings, or communicate through video-conferences. When we smoke cigars instead of cigarettes. Will we still be calling each other *dude*?

Probably.

A couple of days ago, a brother of mine caught me coming out of the local pharmacy with my first prescription of Zoloft filled. Not that he was too familiar with Zoloft, so I told him it was kind of like vitamins. When really, my doctor had told me it was for depression. Not the recession kind of depression.

"Oh," my brother said, "cool."

For the past semester what I've mostly been doing is bumming everyone out. So I'm here because drinking with my brothers is supposed to cheer me the hell right up, they said. But the way I feel, drinking another beer is just another chore.

Here at the bar, everything is dim. In more ways than one. And with my brothers and the pitchers of beer,

it's not like I can just leave. With familiar faces scattered out, on stools, in corners, I can't leave.

With the game roaring at us from the big screen behind the bar, departing is impossible. *Faux pas* isn't a phrase that I would normally use, but getting up and saying good night would really fit the bill.

So I'm off to the jon, and no one even looks up to notice.

I'm off to the jon, just like a thousand times before. Twenty something steps to the left of the bar, and I'm facing the big, brown door covered in old bubble gum and little lightning streaks of chipped paint. The door used to say MEN, but now it only says ME, and I'm through the door and up against my usual urinal and not whistling, but just pissing my life away.

This kind of thing will happen to practically everyone, is what I'm telling myself.

The buzz and flicker of the halogen lights gives everything the eerie feeling of a bad dream. I look at the wall and all over are names of so many girls. Girls I have or haven't met. Some of these girls used to be in my black book. On my speed dial.

There are names of girls and phone numbers. Cell phone numbers. Even a couple of e-mail addresses.

After five years of college, you'd be surprised by how many of these girls you'd end up running into. Or maybe you wouldn't.

So much of my life has been about these names all over the wall. The ones in black ink, red ink, blue and piss yellow. And maybe it's the Zoloft, but I'm beginning to feel disturbed by it all.

To get Zoloft, you first have to fill out a ten question examination. My doctor gave me a number two pencil and told me to take my time.

The card asked me, did I feel sad, blue or unhappy.

It asked did I feel tired, or have less energy than normal. Did I feel restless, or irritable? Did I have trouble sleeping or eating? It went on for ten questions.

Did I ever feel that I would be better off dead?

I answered my examination card, and what I got for passing, instead of a letter grade, was a prescription.

And what can happen next is you might find yourself getting caught in the parking lot of a CVS pharmacy by one

of your brothers, and even though you're supposed to be best friends, you still can't manage to tell the truth, so you say you're on an assortment of vitamins. And even though drinking alcohol will probably aggravate the side-effects of your medication, you let your friends, your brothers, talk you into sitting in a low-lit bar for the drink specials and a basketball game, while your life feels a lot like it's falling apart.

You could find yourself here at a urinal that won't flush, because it never did.

And even though the thought of going back out to my brothers isn't the most pleasant thought in the world, the way this restroom smells like the old, warm beer I was just drinking reminds me of how my life stinks, so I go. Twenty something steps back out, and in my place, cabooming the big train of my brothers, is this

girl, Gina Gallagher, whose name wasn't on the bathroom wall, but only because she's still a freshman. You have to give her at least a year.

I walk up to Gina, and she doesn't say I'm sorry and doesn't get up to move, but just winks, and even though I'm secretly thanking her for taking my place, I still play the asshole.

I sit beside her, while she pulls out a pack of cigarettes and asks me do I have a light. Gina isn't supposed to be here, except for the fake ID that she probably flashed the bouncer at the door, so I take the basket of matches they keep by the tip jar and toss it in her direction.

"Here," I say, "pick one."

"Such a gentlemen," she says.

I look down the bar and see one of my brothers giving me the thumbs up and then zoning back into a commercial break.

Gina lights her cigarette, looks down the row at all of my brothers and blows smoke out of the side of her mouth.

"Let's chat," she says, "shall we?" She hears that I'm about to graduate, and already I can feel the rhythm of blah, blah, blah coming on. But according to the numbers on the bathroom wall and my lifestyle for the past five years, what I should be doing is playing my own little game right into overtime, if that's what it takes. But something about the way she's just sitting there, eighteen years old and completely oblivious, I just can't.

I look down the row at all of my brothers. I look around at the rest of the bar, and the way the little napkin

under my glass of warm beer is wrinkled and soggy looks a lot like my soul feels.

Sometimes, even with your friends, you can't say anything.

But with Gina, what I feel like is breaking this certain monotony enough to do just that. To move past the blah. To toss out the script that everyone seems to follow every time we open our mouths to speak. To leave her with something to think about.

For the first time in five years, what I want so badly is to really just say something.

Gina asks me do I have a job waiting for me, when I graduate.

No, I tell her, no.

She asks me what am I going to do with myself, with my life.

I don't know, I say. And she isn't giving me much of a chance to catch a breath.

Gina says that she's still undeclared. She's still undecided on a path.

"What do you think," she wants to know, what would I suggest?

So I pull my beer up to my mouth, the little dead, wrinkled napkin of my soul still clinging onto the bottom of the glass. I take the last drink of warm beer, and I look directly into Gina's big, blue, eighteen year old eyes, and say, "Run."

"Run away," I say. And not just from the Greeks, but from everybody, I tell her. The people I know and don't know.

I should be running my game, but I'm telling Gina to run away from all of this before something terrible happens. Before all of this kills her. Before she's dead.

And with her mouth half open, and her cigarette still burning, and my brothers still hypnotized by the game, I lay my ten dollars down on the bar and begin to walk away.

"But," she says, but where am I going, she wants to know.

My parents have been wondering this same thing for the past semester. And so have I. Everyone wants to know where I'm going and what am I doing with myself. And what I realize is that for the past five years, who I am isn't something that could exist without four or five other people standing by my side, or sitting beside me in a bar. Not because I'm Greek, but just because. Because maybe this sort of thing goes for practically everyone, is what I'm telling myself.

Where am I going, Gina wants to know.

"Away," I tell her.

Far away.

After five years of college, you'd be surprised by how many of these girls you'd end up running into. Or maybe you wouldn't.



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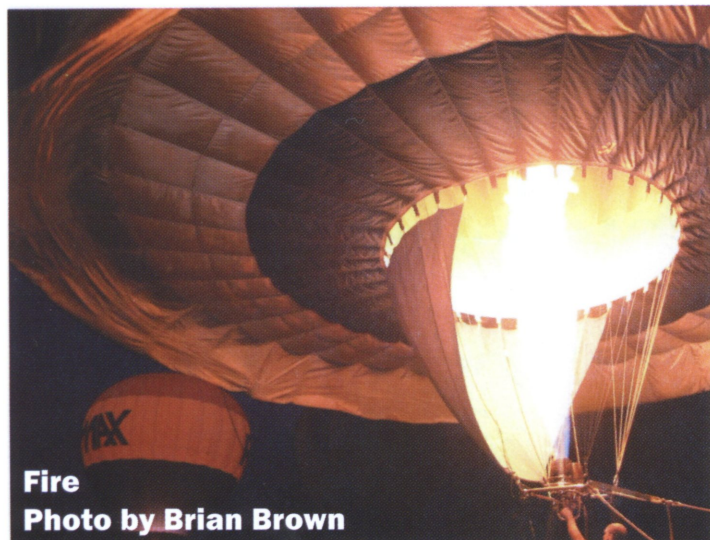
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Autumn Sun

by Matt Harris



In the dulling warmth of the autumn sun
The squinter squints,
 Seeing more yet less.
The multi-hued tint of lashes,
 A glistening glare obscuring,
 A heavy brow, laden with the required tension.
And so not closed, but open.
 The eyes see.

 What do they perceive?
A gentle view, caressed by purples.
Hi-lights of amber and jade calmly deny detail.
And the world reflects a beauty possessed
 Only by God and rainbows.
But what is this for, this false beauty?
 What is love without honesty?
 Strength without substance?
 And beauty without truth?
The wisest of us knows this:
 To close your eyes and luxuriate
 In the warmth, the feel, the
 Sound of reality.
 To try to look upon beauty is
 To try to hold the ocean in your hands.
The imperfection of sight is boundless
 In its ability to obscure truth,
 And the imperfection of humanity allows it.

Signature Series Oil Paintings by Alyson Hargraves



Los Angeles



Friends

Untitled

Charlotte
Richardson

On the eve of the end—
When the grass bends—kneeling at the force of the wind
As the sun shies from routine
Fearing the impending cold condensing rain
When the bovine statues in dancing meadows
Crouch down and pray to gods they never know
As the others race each other in mobs and life
Pushing, screaming, trampling, caring not that they are drowning ants—alike
As metal brains are jittering, raw-nerved, streams
Of unconsciousness in inhospitable black streaming ink on pulp of once live
trees:

One, I, at home
Take in the cool mist air of some
Fleeting breath of life from which the hum
Of praying cows and cursing men does lull
My finally empty mind to submit to darkness—dreams
Of waiting, waiting, waiting...



Perched
Mixed Media Illustration by Miles Davis



Ryan Henning — Nail Magic 2002

- Prints patterns on self-adhesive pre-cut plastic nail
- Easy application
- Internet downloadable options
- Self-design patterns

Chris Thomas — Balloon Printer 2002

- Custom message and design patterns
- Uses ink-jet printing technology



Daniel Green — Travel Translator 2002

- Translates voices in 11 languages
- Scans and translates menu, sign, or newspaper
- Maps on Smart Media cards

Brother Projects Industrial Design



Since 1994, the Brother International Corporation (BIC), an electronics company based in Japan, has been a sponsor and partner to Auburn University's Industrial Design program. IND students work with planners, engineers, designers, and marketing personnel to develop product concepts that are potentially viable in the consumer market. During the past eight years, students have created over 90 product concepts for BIC. Special thanks goes to Mr. Roger Nakagawa, Senior Vice President of BIC, and Mr. Same Takeuchi, Executive Vice President of Takeuchi Management Group Ltd.

Bryan Lumpkins — Badge Manager 2002

- Stand-alone nametag printer
- Voice to test for common names
- Digitizer for handwriting recognition or hand written text print out
- LCD preview screen
- USB for PC for logo and database download

Ryan Bishop — Text-2 2001

- OCR for later transfer to PC
- Scans receipts into accounting program
- Scans a business card or stock up
- Scans favorite passages





Ashley Synder — AM Task 2001

- Synchronize the alarm with PDA
- Prints up schedules for the whole family

Danielle Dzurik — Gift-wrap Printer 2001

- Stand alone unit
- Print 18" wide gift-wrap
- Downloadable patterns
- Expendable: ink, paper, and patterns



Jerrold Windham — Infone 2000

- Telephone and directory
- Map & directions
- Internet access
- Printer
- Opportunity for advertising

Andrew Craft — I-Meter 2001

- Allows the user to actively control utility usage by any individual appliance from anywhere in the world through the Internet
- Calculate utility usage and even predict the amount of future bills



walls

Lindsey Mason

the bugle never blew
the solemn song of taps
grass covers the corpse while the flag flies high

as i gaze into the glassy surface
past the dates and to my reflection-
i envision the jealousy of the names

they never encountered their soul mates
they committed suicide and murder
for an ungrateful country

i run my clean fingers across the engravings
and feel a dirty hand reach out and pull me
he is trying to get out

i haven't the courage to pull
so i take a step back
just as many did years ago

the cold wall has no humanity
the hot war was inhumane
the lukewarm acceptance of the human race
disgusts me.

Grim Reaper

Andriena D. Baldwin

Silence is a killer
No laugh, no voices, just complete and utter silence.
Thoughts run through your mind
Like deer running free in the wild.
Thoughts are silent killers.
The good times, the bad times,
The times you've messed up.
The bad times jump out
Like skeletons in a graveyard
Coming back to life.
The thought of when you messed up
Kill you, silently.

Sight

Genta D. Mills

Point of view
Without which
The world's askew

Perception
It's all about
Deception

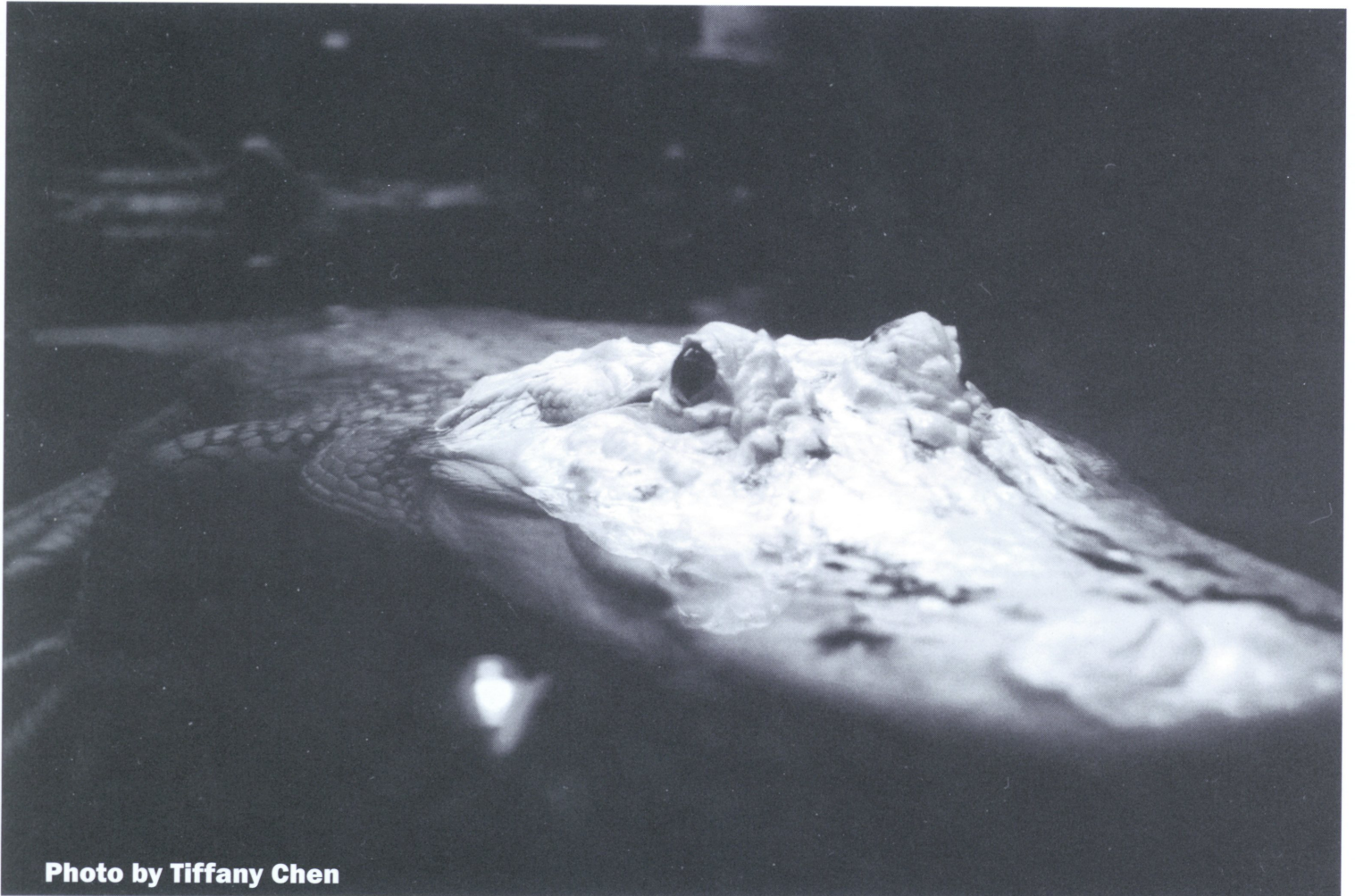


Photo by Tiffany Chen

Heavenly Wedlock

Blake Miller

Clouds wander as floating waves in the sky,
And waves play as bouncing clouds in the ocean.
Matched in resilience is the heavenly sky,
By its hazily reflected brilliance on the water.

I looked and saw no end,
I stood and felt nothing.
My senses could not bear
The magnitude of such a union.

The ocean attracting the sun,
The sun inching to the alter.
Together and not obligated,
Yet, sharing vows daily.

I slipped into the moment,
I slipped on forever.
Until the lovers were joined,
And the passion overflowed.

The sun and the earth,
Lovers joined at sunset.
Too beautiful to hide,
All night side by side.

Yet, we will sleep and dream in apathy,
As the great bodies separate at dawn.
Do we anticipate the next marriage,
Or do we just not care at all?



Photo by Frank Dillard

Driving

Susanna Haines

That was the summer
I climbed the old water tower
And wrote my name on the side
With a fat black marker.

The boys stood below, smoking and
Hollering that they could see
My underpants, like they had never
Seen a girl's underwear before.

That was the summer He kissed me and held my hand
In front of his friends. He
Tasted like cigarettes and earth.

We drank beer in the bed
Of my blue truck and skipped
Rocks in the river. We drove around
On the dusty roads to nowhere.

That was the summer
My tears mingled with the red dirt.
I wished for some means
To chase away the pain.

But the roads kept leading
To nowhere, and the drive
Was so lonely with the emptiness
In the seat beside me.

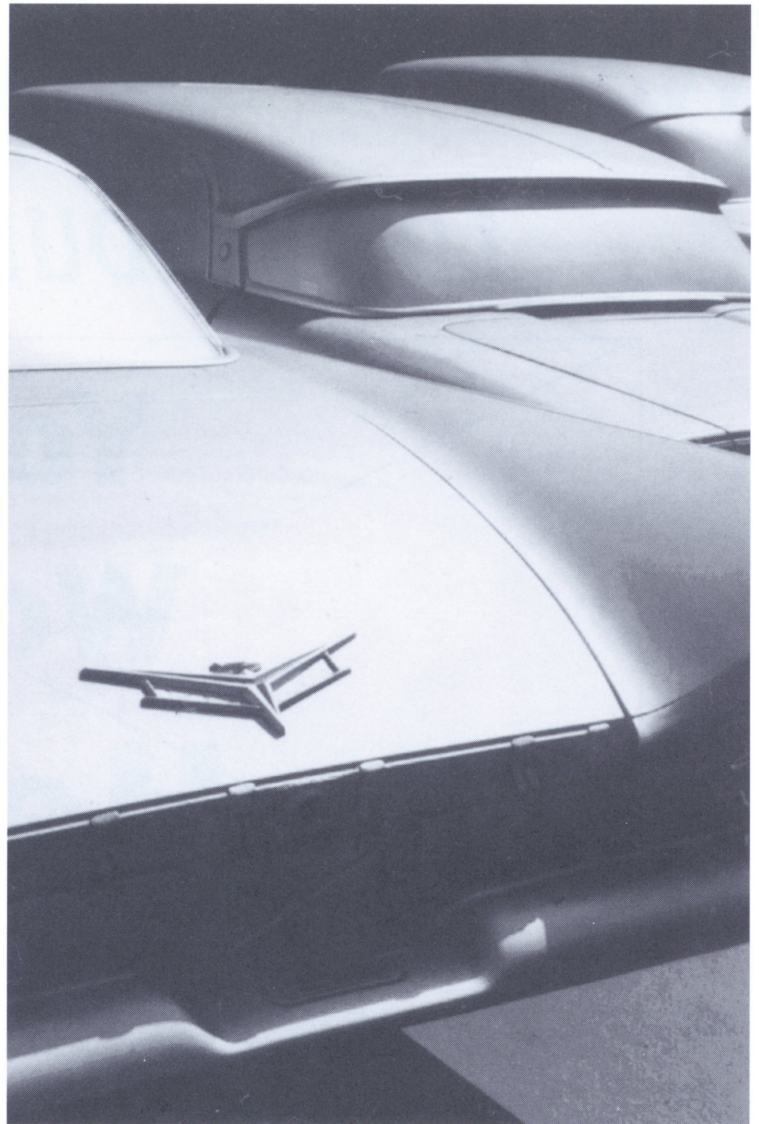


Photo by Shannon Bailey (above)

Photo by Stefanie Self (left)

Want to see your work in *The Auburn Circle*?



**Spring Submission Deadline
February 20**

How to submit to the *Circle*:

- 1. Fill out and sign a submission waiver for each entry (available at the *Circle* office or online). We cannot print your work without a signed submission waiver.**
- 2. Follow instructions for type of work submitted (art, poetry, etc.). Instructions are listed online. You can also call 844-4122 for instructions.**
- 3. Turn in submission(s) and waiver(s) by 4:30 PM, Thursday, February 20.**

**www.auburn.edu/circle
844-4122**

How do you submit to the *Circle*?

Art or Design

Three ways to submit art or design:

- ◆ On CD as a TIF file with **300 dpi or greater resolution**. (We cannot print your work if the resolution is less than 300 dpi).
- ◆ As a slide or negative
- ◆ As a photograph of the artwork or design. We can digitally photograph work for you. Call 844-4122

Label all entries with name, title, and phone number. This is especially important if you want your work returned.

Photography

Three ways to submit photography:

- ◆ As a hard copy
- ◆ On CD as a TIF file with **300 dpi or greater resolution**. (We cannot print your work if the resolution is less than 300 dpi).
- ◆ As a slide or negative

Label all entries with name, title, and phone number. This is especially important if you want your work returned.

Text

Two ways to submit your original poetry, fiction, nonfiction, essays, etc.:

- ◆ By e-mail to acircle@auburn.edu
- ◆ By disk to the **Circle** office in the basement of Foy.

Label all entries with name, title, and phone number.

The Auburn Circle
334.844.4122
acircle@auburn.edu
www.auburn.edu/circle

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Auburn University, AL
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The Auburn Circle

Auburn's General Interest Magazine



Acknowledgements

Special thanks to Auburn Faculty and Staff for your support of the Circle

David Burns	Architecture
Abigail Hart Gray	Architecture
Debra Myles	Art
Susan Brinson	Communication
William Dale Harrison	Chair, Communications and Journalism
Emmet Winn	Communication
Alicia Carroll	English
Dwight St. John	English
Joyce Rothschild	English
Clark Lundell	Industrial Design
Randy Bartlett	Industrial Design
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Special Thanks to Margaret Gluhman

Special Note to all artists and photographers:

Images submitted on CD or by e-mail MUST have a resolution of 300 dpi. This is the resolution required for printing clear images. Images with lower resolution will print poorly. We feel it would be a disservice to you to print such images.

If you submitted art or photography on CD or e-mail and didn't see it in this issue, chances are the resolution was too low.

To set your resolution as 300 dpi:

On a digital camera, change the setting BEFORE you take the picture. When scanning in images, set the resolution on your scanning software BEFORE you scan the image. If you aren't sure how to do this, let us help you! Give us a call at 844-4122. We can also scan or digitally photograph your images for you.

Want to be on
Circle Staff?
Call 844-4122

Applications for Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager will be available early spring semester. Call 844-4122 or drop by the *Circle* office in the Student Publications Suite in the basement of Foy.



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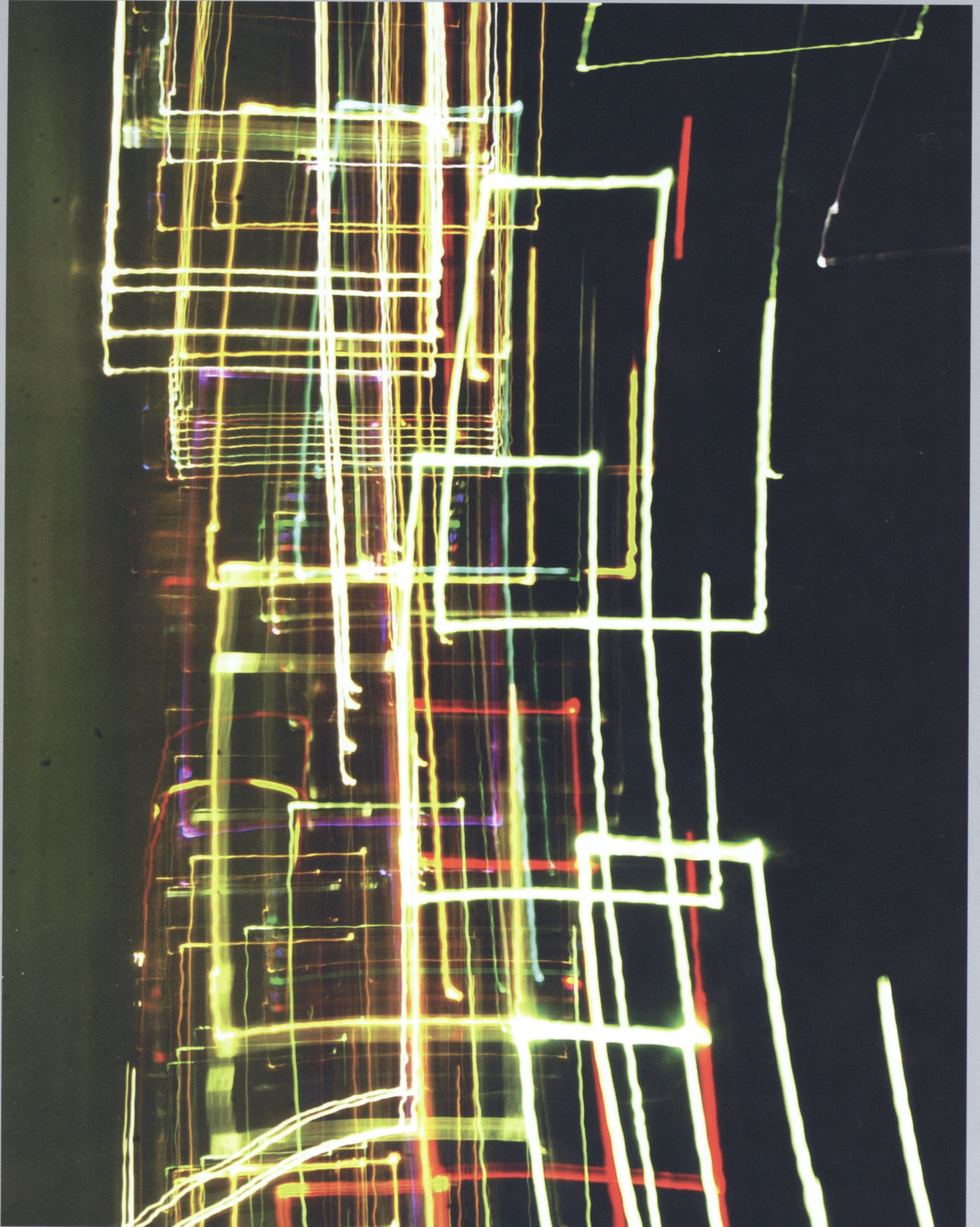
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Nighttime at Toomer's Corner

Photo by Frank Dillard



Taken at corner of Magnolia and College Street by Compass Bank
30 second shutter speed; F22 aperture; camera turned on a tripod



easy everything
Photo by Beth Lundell

THE AUBURN CIRCLE

**Applications for Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager
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